Spirit of the Times.

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE { CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT. } NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1839. VOL. IX.—No. 31.

Contents of To-day's Paper.

SPORTING DEPARTMENT—	page
Petersburg (Va.) Fall Races	367
Lexington (Ky.) Fall Races	"
Southampton (Va.) Fall Races	"
Jefferson Co. (Va.) Fall Races	"
Pittsylvania C. H. (Va.) Fall Races	"
Nashville (Tenn.) First Fall Meeting	366
Cole Co. (Mo.) Fall Races	"
Capt. McHeath—Error Corrected	"
Trotting, Beacon Course	"
Union Course Races	"
The Regatta	"
On dits in Sporting Circles	"
Cold Spring Races	"
The Doncaster St. Leger	361
Latest State of the Odds	"
The St. Leger Favorites	"
The Bloomsbury Case	368

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.	
Tuscany Cattle	369
On Influenza in Sheep	"
LITERARY DEPARTMENT.	
Confessions of Harry Lorrequer	363
The Bellmanship, from Blackwood's Magazine for Sept	364
MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.	
Kissing one's Cousin	363
Misther Terence O'Rourke	"
Mrs. Ramsbottom and the Tournament	"
Going the Whole Hog, a Scene in a Back Woods Court Room	362
THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT—	page
Things Theatrical for the Week	372
Mr. Vandenhoff's Hamlet	"
New Theatre for Mr. Wallack	"
More of the Theatrical Quarrel	361

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. R. P. S. will, we hope, meet with a gentleman at Louisville who can give him information about such a horse as he wishes; Cadmus would answer his purpose admirably Mr. S. is fully authorized to act for the "Register;" but in what manner does he desire to be empowered?

The communications of D. P., of S., have been received, but we have not yet had leisure to go into his poetry, but will do it soon.

The Secretaries of the Jefferson Co. Jockey Club, and of the Pittsylvania Club, will accept our thanks for their prompt reports.

This moment we have received a letter from J. M. of U. C. Its kind contents shall be noticed next week.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 5, 1839.

MORE OF THE THEATRICAL QUARREL.

The friends of Mr. Wallack still persist in their efforts to elevate him, by injuring rival managers. With this view a correspondence, which was promptly laid before the public by the Park management, was at once misrepresented by them, and people were told that the only peculiarity in it was the want of cordiality and courtesy on the part of Mr. Simpson, when nine men in every ten in town, were loud in expressing their condemnation, not of Mr. Simpson's letter, but of the official reply of the National company. This work of misrepresentation and injustice provoked comments from another portion of the press, which would not have been made upon the bare publication of the correspondence, on account of the lamentable condition in which the company was placed by the destruction of the theatre. It will do no good to any party to continue to argue upon the propriety of the correspondence, but it may be interesting to readers out of town to know that the letter of Mr. Simpson was written, word for word, by one of the warmest-hearted men in the world, and an excellent friend of Mr. Wallack. In fact, it is, to our minds, so utterly ridiculous to find fault with the terms of a letter offering promptly and generously a free benefit—a benefit which would have cost the Park theatre at least $500, and netted the sufferers $2000—that we cannot believe that any thing need be said to justify Mr. Simpson, or prevent misconception in the public mind in this matter.

But the attack upon the Park theatre goes further, and the most injurious, and we believe, slanderous charges are preferred against Mr. Price. In the first place, a private quarrel between him and Mr. Wallack, with which the public have nothing at all to do, is bruited forth, and if the friends of Mr. Wallack are right in their represention of it, the other gentleman must be simply the greatest fool in the world. But there are two sides to this story of their difference, and if the press has refrained from giving publicity to Mr. Price's, it is simply because of the obvious impropriety of obtruding the private quarrels of managers, or other gentlemen, upon the public. And we have reason to believe that Mr. Wallack is the last person in the world to desire any such aid as may be derived from attacks upon a rival manager, and that he estimates, as we do, the generosity, honor, and courage of him by whom he is said to have been so grievously injured.

But these attacks go yet further, and the Park management is charged with an attempt to seduce Mr. Charles Kean from the National, after the fire. And upon what evidence is this charge made? The only ground we ever heard for it is this; "at 11 o'clock of the night of the fire, he sent his card to Mr. Kean, with the word '*immediate*' on it, having before not even noticed him." This is quoted almost literally from the "Star," and it is the only evidence we have ever known to be alleged in the frequent and warm discussions which we have heard upon the subject. Now it is within our knowledge what was the real object of that call upon Mr. Kean, for Mr. Price called not unaccompanied; his object was most generous and kind, but what the public can have to do with it, passes our comprehension.

Again, one National player (and one not unimportant), did call upon Mr. Price for an engagement,—after the fire, too,—and the very night of the fire, and his answer was just as it should be, and substantially as follows: "Sir, had this application been made to me in the morning, you should have had an engagement, but in consequence of the fire, and the unavoidable derangement of Mr. Wallack's affairs, I cannot at present treat with those I know have been engaged, or been in treaty with him." We needed not a case of this nature to convince us that the story of the attempt to obtain Mr. Kean, was an utter fabrication,—or, to use the most charitable phrase, a hasty and groundless surmise.

It will be found by those friends of the National, who are so ardent in their support of it, that if they must abuse other establishments, no good will come of it to their favorite; Mr. Wallack, indeed, is himself too honorable, and even too sagacious, to desire that the sympathies of the public, which have been awakened in so lively a manner by his misfortunes, should receive any impulse from groundless detraction of the other house.

Our limits will not allow us to pursue this subject further.

THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

The interest felt in this race, in America, is so general that we have subjoined, to-day, the latest betting which we find in the London papers, and as well the performances of the different favourites. The result of the race we shall, in all probability, be enabled to announce next week; a full report of the meeting at Doncaster doubtless appeared in Bell's Life of the 22d Sept., but as the Liverpool sailed, or was to sail, on the 21st, we can give only the report found in our files of daily papers. On the 8th page of this sheet the reader will find a report of the Bloomsbury Trial—as long a one as we can possibly find room for. "Bell's Life" thus animadverts upon the result:—

A brief extract of the result of these cases at the Liverpool Assizes, reported so fully (and we are glad to have the most flattering testimony from all quarters, so accurately), in our last appeared officially in the racing calendar of Thursday, which we give hereafter. During the week we have received several letters, commenting on the conduct of those, through whose instrumentality the questions at issue were removed from the jurisdiction of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, to that of a Court of Law—and pointing out the fallacy of the grounds upon which that removal took place. The comparison of the letter of the Earl of Lichfield with the "*compulsory*" evidence which he was enabled to produce on the trial, places his Lordship's advisers in no enviable position, and certainly does not sustain the objections which his Lordship so formally made to the tribunal to which he at first appealed; and when we reflect on the fact of Mr. Serjeant Wilde peremptorily refusing to call Mr. Orton, upon whose testimony the whole gist of the case rested, it does not require much depth to discover that his examination would at once have put his Lordship out of Court.—Upon this there is but one opinion, and although "the point reserved" may afford a pretence for delay in the payment of some bets till November, when it is said a motion for a new trial is to be made, we think there can be but one opinion among all classes of sportsmen, as well as lawyers—not only that there is not the most remote chance of this motion being successful, but that its immediate abandonment on the part of the defendants would be the best proof of their being influenced by fair and honourable motives in the steps which they have already taken. The costs already incurred, we hear, are estimated at little less than £3,000; we confess we do not pity those who will have to "pay the piper."

RIDSDALE V. LORD LICHFIELD.

Ascot Case.—The qualification of Bloomsbury for the Ascot Derby and 200 sov. stakes at Ascot Races, 1839, was tried at Liverpool, on Thursday the 22d of August inst., before Mr. Baron Maule and a special jury. The issue to be tried, as directed under the order of Mr. Baron Parke, was "whether a certain colt called Bloomsbury is properly described in the entry for the said two stakes."

A verdict was found for the plaintiff.

At the trial the returns of Mr. Ridsdale's stud, which were sent by Mr. Orton for insertion in the fourth volume of the "General Stud-Book," were tendered in evidence on the part of the defendant. Mr. Cresswell, for the plaintiff, objected to their admissibility, on the ground that Orton was not the agent for Ridsdale; the Judge, after hearing Sergeant Wilde for the defendant, decided that the returns could not be received in evidence without calling Mr. Orton; Sergeant Wilde declined to call him, and requested the Judge to take a note that he had tendered the returns in evidence.

RIDSDALE V. CRAVEN.

Epsom Case.—This case came on on Friday, the 22d of August inst, before Mr. Baron Maule and a special jury. In this case there were two issues to be tried, as directed under the order of Mr. Baron Parke, viz., 1st, "Whether a certain colt called Bloomsbury is properly described in the entry for the Derby Stakes;" and 2d, "Whether the decision of the Stewards of Epsom Races is conclusive, as between the owner of the said colt Bloomsbury, and the said Fulwar Craven, that the said owner is entitled to the said stakes." And it was part of the order that to entitle the defendant to recover at the said trial; both the said issues should be found for him, but to entitle the plaintiff to recover at the said trial, either of the said issues being found for him should be sufficient.

On the cause being called on, a verdict was taken by consent for the plaintiff upon the first issue, and for the defendant upon the second issue, it being agreed between the parties that the same evidence should be considered as given, and the same points ruled, as in the case of Ridsdale v. Lord Lichfield; and it was agreed that Mr. Sergeant Wilde should be at liberty in this case to take a similar objection to the ruling of the Judge as to the inadmissibility in evidence of the returns sent by Mr. Orton for insertion in the Stud-Book.

It was also agreed that the amount of stakes, which had been paid into Court, should in the meantime be paid to the plaintiff, on his giving security to the satisfaction of the proper officer of the Court of Exchequer for its return, in the event of a judgment being obtained by the defendant.

Latest State of the Odds.

[From Bell's Life in London, Sept. 1.]

Monday, Aug. 25.—A glance at the quotations under this head will show that the result of the trial at Liverpool had a very slight effect on the betting against Bloomsbury, whose position was within a fraction of what it was on Thursday, the 22d; it is true that 500 to 200 was taken twice but the layers of these odds continued to offer them up to the close, the other party refusing to go on at less than 55 to 20. Charles the Twelfth was backed at the opening of the room at 7 to 2, and afterwards, for two or three hundreds, at 3 to 1, but, as in the case of Bloomsbury, the betters round were willing to increase their stake against him at the lower of the two quotations. A friend of Euclid laid out one hundred pounds at 10 to 1, the market price at the moment; the biddings against him afterwards rose to 12 to 1, which went begging before the "house adjourned." Hetman Platoff, The Provost, and the Commodore, dropped to 20 to 1 each, laid, and afterwards offered; The Lord Mayor was backed at the same price, and appeared to be the best favourite of the four. Meunier had a supporter or two at 30 to 1, and a trifle was laid out on Easingwold and Mountaineer, but they were not generally in favour. A solitary bet of 40 to 10 was made agst Harkaway for the Doncaster Cup, and another of 28 to 1, in fifties, agst Launcellot for the Derby.

Thursday, Aug 29.—A poor attendance and very little betting, several of the subscribers having taken their chance of the "ring" at Egham. A few bets were made in the course of the afternoon, but as the odds were pretty nearly the same as on Monday we shall not occupy space needlessly by entering into details.

Monday.		ST LEGER.	Thursday.
5 to 2 agst		....Bloomsbury	5 to 2 agst
3 to 1 ——		....Charles the Twelfth	3 to 1 ——
12 to 1 ——		....Euclid	12 to 1 —— (tk)
20 to 1 ——	(tk)	....The Lord Mayor	20 to 1 —— (tk)
20 to 1 ——		....Hetman Platoff	20 to 1 ——
20 to 1 ——		....The Commodore	18 to 1 —— (tk)
20 to 1 ——		....The Provost	20 to 1 ——
30 to 1 ——	(tk)	....Meunier	——
33 to 1 ——		....Sleight-of-hand	——
35 to 1 ——	(tk)	....Easingwold	——
——		....The Corsair	40 to 1 —— (tk)
40 to 1 ——	(tk)	....Mountaineer	——
——		....Tag Rag	40 to 1 —— (tk)
40 to 1 ——		....Hyllus	——
100 even	between	....The Commodore and The Provost	——
500 even	between	....Easingwold and Meunier	——
600 to 300	on	....Euclid agst Hetman Platoff	——
500 even	on	....two agst the field	——
		DONCASTER CUP.	
4 to 1 agst		....Harkaway (taken and afterwards offered)	——
		DERBY.	
28 to 1 agst		....Launcelot	——

1000 to 29 was laid on Thursday agst Bloomsbury and Glenorchy winning St. Leger and Derby.

Betting at Manchester—Friday evening, Sept. 30.—Although the day for the decision of the great northern event grows distant, we cannot say that the market is such as to afford much sport to the round betters. Three to one each against two and eleven to one against the third favourite is not a state of things at all calculated to give satisfaction. It is a complete lottery to find out whether Charles or Bloomsbury is the first favourite, the changes being rang almost every day. Euclid does not appear to make much progress one way or the other. Commodore is "coming," and a less figure is taken here than was the case at Tattersall's yesterday. The same remark applies to the Lord Mayor, but as to Tag-rag, who is quoted at 40 to 1 at Tattersall's, it would not be difficult to get 100 to 1 agst him. There is but little doing on the Doncaster Cup, for which Harkaway is, of course, the favourite.

ST. LEGER	
3 to 1 agst Charles XII. (tk)	17 to 1 agst Hetman Platoff
3 to 1 —— Bloomsbury	17 to 1 —— Lord Mayor (tk)
11 to 1 —— Euclid (tk)	40 to 1 —— Corsair
15 to 1 —— The Commodore (tk)	100 to 1 —— Tag Rag
DONCASTER CUP.	
7 to 2 agst Harkaway	16 to 1 agst Lightfoot
11 to 1 —— Bee's Wing	

The St. Leger Favourites.

The following account of the performances of the St. Leger favourites is made up to Monday last, and includes Hetman Platoff's race at York, and other events, omitted in the list recently published by some of our contemporaries, whose eagerness to be first in the field caused them to overlook divers things which sporting men would consider of some importance.

Bloomsbury (Mr. W. Ridsdale's).—At Epsom, won the Derby Stakes by a length, beating Deception (second), Euclid, Sleight-of-hand, Cæsar, Clarion, The Corsair, Dragsman, Valaincourt, Melbourne, Æther, Ilderim, Domino, Dart, Bosphorus, The King of Kelton, Montreal, Peon, Rory O'More, Hyllus, and the Dey of Algeirs. Euclid was about two lengths behind Deception, but was not placed; The Dey of Algiers was fourth. At Ascot, carrying 5lb extra, won the Ascot Derby, Swinley post in, beating The Corsair and Macremma by half a length, after a slow run race. At the same meeting, won a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs each, Swinley Course, beating sister to Hector by eight lengths.—Never ran as a two year old. W. Ridsdale, trainer.

Charles the Twelfth (Major Yarburgh's).—Won the Trade Cup at Liverpool, two miles, carrying 6st. 6lb., beating St. Bennet, 5 yrs., 8st. 5lb., and the following, who were not placed:—Epirus, 5 yrs., 8st. 13lb.; Heron, 6 yrs., 8st. 11lb; Slashing Harry, 5 yrs., 8st. 7lb.; Cowboy, 5 yrs., 8st. 7lb.; Lanercost, 4 yrs., 8st. 6lb.; King Cole, 6 yrs., 8st. 6lb.; Compensation, 4 yrs., 8st.; Gilbert Gurney, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb.; Van Buren, 5 yrs., 7st. 6lb.; Rachel, 5 yrs., 8st. 6lb.; Percy, 4 yrs., 7st. 2lb.; Harpurhey, 4 yrs., 6st. 12lb; Cruiskeen, 5 yrs., 6st. 6lb.; and Hopeful, 5 yrs., 6st. 6lb.; won by a length easy. Never ran as a two year old. Trainer, J. Scott.

Euclid (Mr. Thornhill's).—Was beaten by two lengths by Cæsar, for the Riddlesworth Stakes, in the Craven Meeting, receiving a 3lb. allowance. Same day won a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs, each, D.M., beating Kremlin (allowed 3lb.), and Drogheda, by a length On Friday, in the same meeting, won a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, beating Montreal in a canter. Ran third for the Derby, but not placed. At Ascot, won the St. James's Palace Stakes, old mile, beating c. by Sultan, out of Velvet, in a canter, by two lengths. Next day, won a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, one mile, beating La Bellezza by a length, in a canter. On the last day walked over for a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each.—Never started at two years old. Trainer, Pettit.

Hetman Platoff (Mr. Bowes's).—Won the Liverpool St. Leger, mile and three quarters, carrying 8st. 8lb., beating Kremlin, 8st. 8lb, Profligate, 8st. 8lb., Medea, 8st. 3lb., and Zoroaster, 8st. 8lb., by a length and a half. At York August Meeting, won the 30 sovs. Stakes by eight lengths, beating Doctor Oliver, by Physician, out of Catalini. Never ran at two years old. Trainer, J. Scott.

The Lord Mayor (Lord Westminster's).—Carried 6st. 10lb. for the Goodwood Cup, and was a bad fourth (not placed). Same meeting, ran for the Harkaway Cup, Craven Course, carrying 7st. 8lb.; in the false heat ran a dead heat with Bellona, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb., Ratsbane a good third; in the actual race ran forward but was not placed, Bellona winning cleverly by a length; a dead heat for second between The Corsair, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb., and Confusionee, 3 yrs., 6st 6lb. Never ran as a two year old. Trainer, J. Scott.

The Commodore (Duke of Cleveland's).—In 1838, won the Tyro Stakes, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, T.Y.C., beating Lightfoot, Armello, Zoroaster, No. 3, and Troy; won easy; only two placed.—At Stockton, won the two year old Stakes, T.Y.C., beating b. c. by Liverpool, out of Comedy, and Item, in a canter. Same meeting, won the Cleveland Stakes, red post in, beating Kremlin, c. by Langar, out of Tesane, Vexation, c. by Physician, dam by Tramp or Grey Walton, and Chatterer; won easy. In 1839, won the York Derby by a length, beating Bolus, Chatterer, and Johnny Boy.—Trainer, J. Smith.

The Provost (Col. Cradock's).—In 1838, ran for the two year old stakes at York Spring Meeting, and was placed third, Nickleby being first by two lengths, and the Tesane filly second; Kremlin, Bolus, and Marsala, also started. At the York August Meeting, won the two year old Stake, beating Imogene, La Sage Femme, c. by Vanish, dam by Cervantes, Zoroaster, and c. by The Saddler, out of Sister to Chancellor, by a length. At Richmond, won the two year old Sweepstakes, beating f. by Langar, out of Lady of the Tees, easy. Has not started this year.—Private trainer.

Hyllus (Mr. Dixon's).—Started for the Criterion Stakes at Newmarket Houghton Meeting, and not placed. Same meeting, carrying 7st. 4lb., was not placed for the Nursery Stakes, D.M., Retrospect, 6st. 8lb., first, and a dead heat for second between Alms, 6st 11lb., and Drogheda, 6st. 7lb.; several others started. Started for the Derby and was not placed, carrying 5st. 10lb. Ran third for the Ascot Stakes, at Ascot, two miles and a half, filly by Merchant, out of Turquoise, 3 yrs., a feather, winning by a neck, The Skater, 6 yrs., 7st. 5lb., second; Hyllus was beaten about a neck from the latter. At Goodwood, carrying 6st. 10lb, ran a bad second to Harkaway for the Cup.—Trainer, Forth.

The Corsair (Lord Lichfield's).—Won the 2,000 gs. Stakes in the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, beating Cæsar and Æther by a neck. Not placed for the Derby. At Ascot, was beaten by Bloomsbury for the Derby Stakes. Same meeting, won the Buckhurst Dinner Stakes, beating Bosphorus by a length and a half. Same meeting, won the Windsor Castle Stakes in a canter, beating The Deputy, but was pronounced distanced in consequence of not having carried 5lb. extra for winning the 2,000 gs. Stakes. At Goodwood, carrying 6lb extra, ran fourth to Westonian for the Racing Stakes, Merganser second, Epidaurus third, b. c. by Nimrod, and Reel, (3lb. extra) fifth and sixth; Westonian won cleverly by a length. Same meeting, carrying 7st. 10lb., ran a respectable second to Camelino, 7st. 10lb., for Sir John Gerard's Cup, T.Y.C.; Launchaway, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb., third; several others started. Same day, started for the Harkaway Cup, carrying 7st. 9lb., and ran a dead heat for second with Confusionee, 3 yrs., 6st. 6lb., Bellona winning cleverly; several others not placed. Did not start in the false heat.—Trainer, Doe.

Malvolio (Lord Eglinton's).—In 1838, ran second to The Commodore, at Stockton. At Holywell Hunt, won the Champagne Stakes, half a mile, beating Papineau, Velocity, and The Lady Abbess, by a length. At Middleham, won a Sweepstakes, T.Y.C., beating c. by Physician, out of Hackfall's dam, c. by Physician, dam by Malek, and c. by Langar, out of Miss Fanny's dam; won cleverly. In 1839, won the St. Leger at Manchester, mile and three quarters, beating Imogene, The Cripple, and filly by Sandbeck, out of Darioletta, cleverly. At Newton, won the St. Leger, mile and three quarters, beating The Recorder, The Apothecary, Imogene, and Velocity, by a length. Same meeting, carrying 4lb. extra, started for the St. Helen's Purse, Golborne Course, and not placed, the bl. c. by The Mole, 2 yrs, winning by half a length, Charlatan second, and Lillie third; The Recorder and two others were not placed.—Trainer, Dawson.

Bolus (Mr. Wormald's).—In 1838, won the two year old Stakes at Catterick Bridge, one mile, beating Lightfoot, No. 3, and Sweet Jessie, after a good race. At York Spring Meeting, ran fifth to Nickleby for the two year old Stakes, Tesane filly second, The Provost third, Kremlin fourth, &c. At Doncaster, won the Sweepstakes easy, after a dead heat with Eliza, beating, besides her, Zimmerman, Imogene, Alexandrina, and c. by Actæon, out of Cobham's dam. In 1839, ran a bad second to The Commodore for the York Derby; and in the same meeting ran a respectable second to Lollypop for the Shorts. At Newcastle-on-Tyne, won a Produce Stakes, two miles, beating Zoroaster and Johnny Boy by a head.—Heseltine, trainer.

Easingwold (Mr. Ramsay's).—At the Caledonian Hunt, ran third for a two year old Stakes, three quarters of a mile, Uriah first by three parts of a length, Lais second, and a filly by Corinthian, out of Miss Annie, last; has not been out this year.—Private trainer.

The Dey of Algiers (Col. Peel's).—Was fourth for the Derby, but not placed. At Ascot, started for the Albany Stakes, and not placed, Æther first by a head, and Nickleby second; so close a race with all, that many thought The Dey had won; Camelino and The Nimrod colt also started. Same meeting, ran fourth to Caravan for the Cup. Never started at two years old.—Trainer, Cooper.

Sleight-of-Hand (Lord Westminster's).—Not placed for the Derby. At Ascot, ran St. Francis to a length for the Queen's Plate, and obtained the second place. Never ran at two years old.—Trainer, Scott.

The Dolphin (Col. Crauford's).—Ran fourth to Lightfoot for the Claret, at Catterick Bridge, Zoroaster second, and Messmate third. Started for the Oaks, and not placed. Never appeared as a two year old.—Trainer, I. Blades.

Dragsman (Mr. G. Clarke's).—Started for the Derby, and not placed. Did not start in 1338.—Trainer, J. Scott.

Meunier, Mountaineer, &c, have not been out in public, and the performances of The Apothecary and some others, are too conclusive to render them worthy of notice.

GOING THE WHOLE HOG.

A SCENE IN A BACKWOODS' COURT ROOM.

On a rude platform, somewhat elevated above the level of the floor of the room, were three judges—the district judge, and his two associates. A deal plank was placed in front of them, which served the president to take notes upon, and for other purposes as will presently appear. The *trio* were seated upon wooden-backed and wooden-bottomed chairs. The president, who was dressed in a suit of rusty black, was leaning his crossed arms upon a sheet of paper placed upon the plank in front of him, and apparently about to attend to the business of the court. The associate on the president's left hand had turned the back of his chair *inwards*—that is, towards the president—not out of any disrespect for his superior, but in order to enable him to rest his right elbow upon said plank, and his head upon his hand, preparatory to his taking a nap, for it was the afternoon of a hot day in the month of August. The door and windows were open, but it seemed he felt oppressed with the heat, for he had put aside his coatee and neckcloth; and notwithstanding he had taken the precaution to swallow an extra "drink" of whiskey, in order to facilitate the digestion of the salt pork and beans, and a couple of slices of cold pumpkin-pie that he had had for dinner—still he felt less comfortable than he could have wished, and had, therefore, resolved to seek happiness in a state of obliviousness. On the president's right was seated a long, lean, lanky man of seventy, dressed in a dingy suit of hemlock-brown, of regular home-spun. His unmentionables were immensely wide—particularly towards the bottom, and at least a foot too short; while his feet, which appeared somewhat over measure, were cased in a pair of *bootees*—that might have been black originally, but which, by a few months' constant wear in the hot sun, very much resembled his nether garment in color and texture. His thin calfless legs were covered with stockings manufactured from the natural wool of a blacky-brown sheep of his own flock, and at the time protruded nearly half a yard in front of the plank before mentioned, upon which he had placed them; for he was balancing himself on the hind legs of his chair, in the usual luxuriating Yankee style,—while his grizzled head was supported against the greasy wall behind him.

In front of the bench there were six or eight lawyers seated around a common deal table, to the top of which most of their feet were elevated, and placed "quite promiscuously" among a few bethumbed and soiled law-books. While in the centre of the table stood a large white pitcher containing water from a well on the village green. Behind the form on which sat "the members of the bar," a temporary railing had been put up; and standing or lounging about the room there might be about thirty or forty persons collected to witness the proceedings of the court. It ought to be mentioned, that on one side of the platform upon which "their honors" sat, were twelve persons ranged on a low seat; and these, as I afterwards learned, were the gentlemen of the jury. Nearly all the spectators were without coats, and a few without waistcoats too; while several of the lawyers had found it convenient to lay aside their coats and cravats.

Previous to my entering the court-room I had been informed that an interesting trial was about to come on;—a backwoods' farmer, distiller, and militia major, was to be tried for stealing a hog. The trial I found had just commenced, and one of the lawyers was cross-examining a witness when I entered; but I saw no one that I could make out as the prisoner. I asked the man that happened to be standing the nearest to me, where the prisoner was? when, after staring at me for a few seconds, he answered, "If so be as you mean the major, I guess you may see him there within the bar, sitting along by Squire (lawyer) Screws, who is engaged in conducting the business for him." My attention of course was called towards the major, but instead of the stout, strapping backwoodsman I had pictured him in my own imagination, I beheld a small thin man of nearly sixty. He wore neither coat nor waistcoat; his only covering being a coarse tow-cloth shirt, with a pair of trowsers of the same material. While I was in the act of scrutinizing the major, he rose from his seat, and seizing the water-pitcher across two or three pair of legs, proceeded to quench his thirst,—and having done so, he sat down with the greatest composure imaginable. Lawyer Screws was half-standing, half-sitting, for he was resting a certain part of his person on a thick greasy volume, that happened to be conveniently placed near the edge of the table behind him. Though the major appeared much at his ease, I observed him give an occasional jerk at the bombazine trowsers of his lawman,—but when he did so, instead of being at the trouble of altering his own position, he compelled the *learned* gentleman to bend down his ear in order to catch some new hint bearing upon the evidence. The said gentleman was proceeding thus:—

"Now, mind, Mr. Sweeny,—recollect that you are upon your oath: now, will you take upon you to swear, that the hog the major butchered did ever, at any particular time, belong to you, or was bona fide, your property?"

"I appeal to the court," exclaimed the witness, who was standing near the States' Attorney, "to know if that there be a regular proper question?" The court having decided that it was, the witness addressed himself to the lawyer that happened to be nearest the water-jug,—"I say, Mister, if you'll just hand me that there pitcher I'll take a drink, and then answer the man's question." Having got possession of what he wanted, he took a long draught of the water, the more, I imagined, for the purpose of gaining time to concoct an answer, than for the avowed purpose of quenching his thirst. Having returned the jug to the said learned gentleman, (without the ceremony of thanking him); and having cleared his throat with two or three preparatory "hems," spitting upon the floor as often, he proceeded to deliver himself of the following reply:—"Why, now, I calculate that it would be considerably unnatural for one gentleman to insinuate anything against another of this here un-business-like sort of speculation,—unless he had gotten a manifest clear and comprehensive idea of the general facts of the 'hol upshot of the business. Now, I declare! I be ready to make my qualification in as much that Major Snodgrass is as real a nice gentleman as there's in th 'hol town (township) of Grindstonville; but somehow he's a trifle too slick minded for being downright, straight-forward regular in his calculations. Be it far from me to hazzard a syllable that might injure the Major's reputation,—but in the matter, and as regarding the circumstances of the disappearing of that there hog, which we shall presently prove, the Major did slay and butcher about the end of the beech-nut season,—I feel morally certified, that that must have been an unqualified mistake. I affirmed to the 'hol of the facts of the case before Squire Meekem; and I here asservate to the 'hol state of the question aforesaid—with this single exception,—that I am not *now* so indubitably confirmed upon this point, namely, whether or not the said hog had been *altered*, or was an entire and natural-born creature." Mr. Sweeny then took his seat by the side of his man of law; and his son, a sallow-complexioned youth of about fifteen, came forward to testify to the main points of the case. The States' Attorney proceeded to examine him as follows:—

"You are Mr. Sweeny, junr., of Grindstonville?"

"I guess I be so."

"You recollect losing a clever-looking hog last fall, Mr. Sweeny?"

"I calculate I do considerably well."

"Be so good, Mr. Sweeny, as to tell the court all you know about the matter."

"I guess I will if you'll hand me the pitcher first." The States' Attorney having accommodated the young republican with the water-jug, he proceeded as follows:—"To begin right up at the beginning then, father turned out three hogs into the woods about service-berry time. There would have been nine instead of three, but five died during the hard frost in March. Mother said it was that the creatures fretted about something to eat; but father was cross, and vowed it was no such thing; it was plain enough, he said, that it was the snow-fever;—that it had often carried off his hogs towards spring when he lived on Bear-creek, in the Varmount mountains. The other one we were obligated to butcher, because it had gotten the rheumatics in its jaws and all its joints, as the feed was all cleaned out, and there being considerable little pork left in our pork-barrel. Now I guess it is particular clear that *three* hogs of our'n were turned into the woods, and that be mighty nigh all that I knows about the matter; excepting the affidavits I qualified to before Squire Meekam, at the time the Major was put upon the limits." He was next cross-examined by the Major's lawyer.

"I say, Mr. Sweeny, can you explain the meaning of an oath, as taken before a court of justice?"

The youth, grinning a laugh, replied, "Why Mr. (I forget your name) methinks I should understand something of that there sort of oath you were mentioning pretty considerably well; for ever since father came to live in this here town I expect we have had a cause or two every court-time. Haven't you often seen me here before, Mr.?"

"I calculate I have," said he of the law, "but that has nothing to do with the question put: do you know the orthodox meaning of a court-house oath?"

"Why, now I recollect," replied young Sweeny, "that you be the man father employed last fall in that little matter concerning our borrowing the miller's rooster (game-cock) without telling him about it; when, don't you remember, you told me how as if the court asked me about the meaning of an oath, that I should say that it meant—a chance of being eternally darned (d——d) if we don't declare the 'hol grammatical truth out and out. Now I calculate you were a *little* above the mark there, Mr.—for brother Allright, the Universal minister, has been down to preach in our settlement since then, and father and the folks all goes to hear him expound,—and he comforts them, and says there's no such thing as being eternally darned,—and that we shall all be comfortable in he next world; no matter what Deacon Jones and Elder Duckem may tell the folks to the contrary. Now brother Allright's notion on the matter, as father old me, was nearly this, that a court-house oath means the s'ickest way of staing the matter to make it appear all quite natural; but at the same time edging off from telling an untruth that's a downright *screamer*." By the time young Sweeny had concluded his somewhat curious explanation of an oath, the left-hand associate judge had got into a sound sleep, and was snoring rather audibly; but the old tall Yankee to the right was "wide awake" to what was passing, for he had lately seceded from the Baptist church, and had adopted the more comfortable creed of the Universalists; so that when he heard young Sweeny finish his explanation of an oath, he leaned his head forward from its recent position against the wall, and gave the young hopeful an approving look and a very significant nod. After a short silence the examiner said to the witness, "You stated to the court that *three* hogs were turned into the woods in the fall; will you, Mr. Sweeny, state how many returned before winter?"

"Why, as for that, I can't say that I see exactly what you be driving at; but if it please the court, I will be qualified thus far respecting the business,—that at the present time father has not an ounce of pork left in the pork-barrel, which must be considerable plain proof, I guess, that there could not have been *three* hogs put into that there barrel any time about New Year's." After a few further interrogatories from Sweeny's lawyer, the youngster was told that he might sit down, when he placed himself in a prominent seat *within* the bar, with all the assurance imaginable. All eyes for the present were turned towards the promising youth; while there was a constant bandying of the remark among the loungers and lookers-on, of "what a smart young man Mr. Sweeny was."

Messrs. Sweeny's lawyer next proceeded to address the court in a speech that had neither head nor tail; and when he had concluded an hour's harangue, the Major proceeded to call two or three witnesses, who, as upon many similar occasions, had very different tales to tell than those already told by the opposite party.

The first witness called was Squire Noolens, an inhabitant of the same township as the Major and Mr. Sweeny; and though vague report stated that he had *once* been a magistrate (and hence styled "Squire" to the end of time) in some out-of-the way settlement in the rear of the New England States, it was quite evident if he had ever possessed qualifications for the magisterial office, that when he removed westward they had not accompanied him. The "Squire" was a small simpering personage, somewhere about fifty, with a thin sharp nose, and a pair of twinkling gray eyes, overshadowed by remarkably shaggy eyebrows. When he spoke, which he was very fond of doing, there was a peculiar wheezing to his voice, as if the tail of a young raccoon were sticking in his windpipe. Having undergone the necessary process of cramming, by the Major and his lawyer, and having been duly sworn, his examination was begun. "Squire Noolens, do you recollect the 23d of October last?" "I calculate that I do, right cleverly." "Very well! where were you on that same day, Squire Noolens?" "I guess I be'd int he woods adjoining Mr. Sweeny's new fallow, a fixing (preparing) a pair of runners for my ox-sled." "Be so good, Squire, as to state to the honorable court what occurred in any way bearing upon this here cause now pending." The squire, with no little circumlocution, proceeded to state, that while he was exploring the woods in order to meet with a suitable stick of timber for his purpose, that his attention was drawn to the squeaking of a hog in distress, in a ravine at some distance from him; that when he, some time afterwards, proceeded to the place in order to examine a little into the matter, he discovered that a bear had been dining on one of Mr. Sweeny's hogs; for on examining the two ears he found them marked with the precise "slits" which neighbor Sweeny always adopted in marking his hogs. He moreover said that he observed *two* of Mr. Sweeny's hogs "hurry-scurrying" past him about the time he heard the squealing in the ravine. He was then cross-examined by Mr. Sweeny's lawyer. "Pray, Squire Noolens, what led you into that particular locality you have just mentioned? Was it not for the express purpose of filching a stick of Mr. Sweeny's timber?" The squire was evidently not a little puzzled—he was all capsized by this side-wind; and he hemmed and wheezed for some time before he ventured upon the following explanation. He commenced with "I guess it to be no secret, that Mr. Sweeny is pretty considerable often in little matters of law. Now he knows it that I have done little notions (trifles) for him in this here way, and never charged him more than fifty cents for what a regular-admitted lawyer would have charged him near upon two dollars; and knowing there was a little balance of twenty-five cents coming to me, after the rye and the potatoes had been accounted for, I calculated it would be treating neighbor Sweeny more handsomely if I took a stick of timber for the balance, than if I sued him before Squire Meekem, and put him to the costs of an action. I am ready to be qualified that I gave Mr. Sweeny credit for the little balance in my books; and I'll put it to the court if it warn't a fair and legitimate way of settling the business between us." A general buzz of applause followed the squire's explanation; and no other question of much moment being put to him, he nestled himself into his former seat, smirking and twinkling his little grey eyes; at the same time giving a sign ficant nod to the major, who sat at a short distance from him.

The next witness called in the defence was Captain Woodchuck, who had been in the habit of "exchanging work" with Mr. Sweeny, that is, Mr. Sweeny working for the captain one day, and the captain working for Mr. Sweeny in return, which is a common practice in the backwoods. The captain had been properly *crammed;* and being naturally a rather smart fellow, there was little danger of *his* breaking down. "Well, Captain Woodchuck," interrogated the lawyer, "do you regularly remember having any dealings with Mr. Sweeny about the 25th of October last?" "I calculate as how I had considerable." "Does the captain recollect having had any tradings in hogs about the period aforesaid?" "Why, yes, I have a pretty bright recollection of two." "State before the court what these *two* tradings were."

The captain gave the examiner a consenting nod; and having slaked his thirst at the water-pitcher, and cleared his throat in the usual way, he continued thus:—"One morning neighbor Sweeny came over to my place to help me along with a piece of chopping; I guess it were near the latter end of October. During the day he spoke of the hogs which he had turned out into the woods a few days before; and I recollect his saying they were looking quite clever; and there being plenty of beech-nuts, he said that he expected they would weigh snug upon two hundred a-piece. He also told me that Col. Messich was owing him a lot of whiskey for the rye he had of him, but since he (Sweeny) had become a member of the Temperance Society, he had seen the colonel, who was a real right-up clever sort of man, who had agreed to give him four hundred of pork instead of the whiskey; so that he had some thoughts of parting with his own *three* hogs that were in the woods a beech-nutting. After a lengthy talk about this trading, I bargained for the three hogs, for which I was to give him four bushels of seed-wheat, a hive of bees, and three and a half dollars in money. Now that there individual sum of money was what neighbor Sweeny had been owing me for some months (he borrowed it to pay law-expenses last court time), so he said if I would send him the wheat and the bees we should be quits, barring a trifle of interest that might be coming to me, which I calculated clever enough. A day or two afterwards I went to Mr. Sweeny's to help him with a piece of logging, when I remember, quite bright, he asked me if I had seen anything of *my* hogs? (meaning the same he had traded to me.) I said I guessed I had not. 'But *I* have,' says he, 'and I can tell you, Captain, they are gaining uncommon.' During the day he managed, and pretty slick, I swow! to bring on the hog business again. He said he felt sorry that he had parted with the 'hol lot of them there hogs, and asked me if I had any objections to sell him back one on 'em? (this was the day after he found out the bear had killed one,) and I said I had no regular particular objection, provided we could agree about the price. He then said that he would give me three and a half dollars for the *altered* one, (the same that had been killed as I learnt afterwards,) which was grammatically the sum he had been owing me before. I told him it was a bargain; and before I went hom' he gave me his acknowledgment all regular. Soon after I went and hunted up my hogs, when I could find but two instead of three; and as they were looking a kind of penfeathered, I took them into my buckwheat lot, and went after the missing one. About this time Major Snodgrass butchered a hog, and a rumor got afloat that he had made a slight mistake, and 'had got the wrong pig by the ear.' My third hog I never could come across on anyhow, and I told Mr. Sweeny that there was a little of something complex in the affair anyhow. He said that he should waste no time in seeking the missing hog, which was his property by law, but he guessed he should make *somebody* give a proper account of it. I kept the two hogs till New Year, and butchered them; and then I applied to Mr. Sweeny for the three and a half dollars, when he said he guessed I had better apply to the man that lived down by the saw-mill, (meaning the Major there,) as he would be better qualified to settle the matter, and could give a more regular account of the missing hog. So I goes hom' and sends over the hive of bees and half a bushel of wheat, (keeping back three and a half bushels in lieu of the money—wheat being worth a dollar a bushel,) and the next day Mr. Sweeny sued me before Squire Triggs of Snagsville, in order to make costs; but the squire being a pretty clear-sighted man, and a man who is not so particular fond of seeing right wronged, gave judgment for no cause of action, so Mr. Sweeny was non-suited, and had to pay the costs. On our way hom' from the squire's, Mr. Sweeny says to me—for he is a particular warm-tempered man—'I know who had the hog we've been at sniggers about, and I'll see that he pays for it pretty remarkably dear.' I asked him if he meant the major, because I knew that they were not particular eternal good friends since the fire from neighbor Sweeny's fallow overran the major's back-pasture lot, and burnt up eighty rods of seven-rail fence; but, says he, in rather a sneering sort of way, 'we shall know more about it, Captain Woodchuck, next court-week.' Now this, I guess, is about all connected with this here affair that I can particularly undertake to obligate my memory upon." Mr. Sweeny, I calculate, has been a little too quick-thoughted for his own absolute benefit, but that is his look-out, and not mine."

When Captain Woodchuck had got through his long story about himself and his neighbor Sweeny, he seated himself, uninvited, by the side of the States' Attorney, when a pause of some length followed. After some time the major's lawyer broke silence by observing, that he had one more witness to call, and then he would leave his client's case in the hands of the court and the jury. Mr. David Drinkwater was then called upon to stand forward, and having been sworn, was interrogated as follows: "Pray, Mr. Drinkwater where were you on the 25th of October?" "I guess the gentleman alludes to the early part of that day, and if so be that I am historically correct in my calculations, I will observe, first, that I was in the woods on the backside of Squire Noolen's farm; and, second, that I was concealed in a mess of young hemlock brush (bushes) a-watching the deer a-coming to the saltlick. I have shot down over a dozen at that there place since I came to live in the town of Grindstonville." "Did you see or hear any person or persons while you remained snug in the hemlock brush?" "Yes, I guess there were three persons a-coming along the deer-path. When they got just nigh by to where I was a lying on the watch, I saw that the oldest on 'em was Mr. Sweeny. When he got to the end of an old pine log, just beyond where I lay, he seated himself and made a motion with his hand for the other two to do the same." "And who were the other two, Mr. Drinkwater? Did you recognize them?" "I calculated I did, clear and unpremeditatedly; the younger on 'em was his own boy (son) Sam'l, and the other Ebenezer Streaket, the down-creek school-teacher." "Be so good as relate what you saw or heard." "Well, when they were all quietly seated upon the log, old Mr. Sweeny looked a kind of knowing-like, and said,"—(here the witness stopped suddenly to enquire of the lawyer if *all* that he might say in explaining these matters would be considered as upon oath, and having been answered affirmatively, he remarked, that he should be nation particular what he said.)

"Now boys," said the old one, when we get to the squire's you must lay it on the old major pretty slick and thick. I know the squire fancies himself the 'cutest man in the settlement; and though he does not care two corn-cobs what becomes of the major in the long-run, yet, as he be a trying to get run in for a county commissioner, he cannot very well dispense with the major's electioneering until after the election time. So my boys, you see, in order to wind up the 'hol of the sneck-snarled circumstances snug and slick on our own spindle, we must not be over particular as to the simplicity of the matter; in fact, we have now got so far that we must for'ard any how. Now, Mr. Streakit, you know what you are about, I reckon; and you know what 'ill be what, if so be as we kennel the old major. Now listen,—I'll tell what you should know before the squire, and I expect you're bright scholar enough to get a short lesson by heart at once hearing. The major butchered a hog about the 28th of October that had a couple of under-slits in the right ear, and an upper slit in the left, which you know is the way I mark my hogs. That one day when you were boarding your school spell at the major's you remarked, that it was considerable sweet nice pork you were eating, but rather sparelike; upon which the major replied unpremeditatedly, 'that stolen things are sweet,' as Amos Snubbins said when he bussed his grandmother in the dark and thought it had been Polly Prudence, his sweet-heart; and that when you asked him if he alluded to the pork, he winked his left eye and said, 'Dead hogs never tell no secrets.' And you, Sam'l, my son, mind that you look straight a-head, and make affidavit, that you was in the woods a-looking for chesnuts, on or about the 26th day of October, that you saw the Major and his oldest boy dragging a hog along down by the creek towards his saw-mill, and that from its size and colour you are bodily confirmed in your belief, that it was one of the three hogs we turned in to the woods. And mind boys, both on ye, that whenever you do not see clear through the business, just give me a 'what's-next look,' and if I dont finally make out the balance of the matter, why my name's no longer Ichabod Sweeny. So now we'll go ahead to the squire's, in order to give him time to hear our allegations, and afterwards to make out a States' Warrant, which I will take to Constable Whops; and if he's about hom' there will be plenty of time for him to pop it on the old major before sun-down.' When Mr. Sweeny had got thus far, the others jumped up and said, We be ready, we know quite enough to 'limit' the Major; so off they all went, and I guess I see'd no more on 'em." Mr. Drinkwater having said all he wished, and quite enough as he supposed to clear the major, was seating himself very composedly, when Mr. Sweeny's lawyer begged to ask him a question or two. "Pray, Mr. Drinkwater, what might be the distance between the spot where Mr. Sweeny was sitting on the log and your lurking-place, that you heard the whole so distinctly?" "One rod, five feet, seven inches and a half," replied the witness exultingly; which, in English measure, is twenty-one feet and an eighth of a foot. Here the old Associate Judge shook his head at Drinkwater, and the president apparently made a memorandum upon the sheet of paper before him. "Well, and pray what prevented the party from seeing you, if you were so near them?" asked the cross-questioner. "I say, Mr., can you tell me, what prevented Saul from seeing David when he cut off the skirts of his garment?" The lawyer asserted that this was not a direct answer to his question, so Drinkwater appealed to the court, which decided that it 'was direct and to the point,' when a long and general buzz of applause followed. The lawyer then proceeded: "I expect, Mr Drinkwater, you are the Major's downright particular friend; will you take upon you to swear, that should the Major be acquitted that you are neither in expectation of, nor already in the possession of some fee or reward?" Here the court interfered, and told the witness that he need not answer *that*, nor any other question of a personal nature; but he begged that he might be allowed to answer it, 'for particular reasons,' and a short consultation having taken place between the two judges who were *awake*, he was allowed to proceed.

"I am free to confess," said Drinkwater, "that at one individual period of this business, the major offered to send me up a barrel of whiskey from his distillery, when he got out of this here affair, if I would promise to tell all I knew about the matter, and expose the insinuations of neighbour Sweeny, his boy, and Streakit the school-teacher. But I told him that I guessed he was a-trying to insult my feelings, seeing as how I was secretary of the Grindstonville Temperance Society; but at the same time I told him that I would bring him off, royal quick, on one condition, namely, that afore his trial came on he should sign the *Temperance Pledge;* which, after a tarnation deal of chaffering, he finally promised to do; and here I have got his name, the last on the pledge, for all as cares to examine. I expect it might be just as convenient to mention, that should Mr. Sweeny set about fitting up a distillery after the major has shut his'n up, the major reserves the qualification of opening his'n again, which I agreed to on the part of the society, for it is quite unnatural hard to witness our worst enemies growing wealthy on what might have been ours." David Drinkwater having explained to his own satisfaction, more than to the major's, how matters stood between them, the examination of witnesses closed.

The States' Attorney then proceeded to make the following remarks, as prosecutor in this cause. I shall not attempt to follow him through the various intricacies of a "lengthy" harangue, which was addressed more to the feelings of the jury, than to the evidence of the case, the law, and the facts. He was peculiarly eloquent in referring to the high respectability of the accused, with whom he said he had been intimately acquainted for many years. His reasoning was something of this nature, but his style and manner I can neither imitate nor describe accurately. He commenced nearly in this way. "Often has it been my painful duty,—a duty which nothing short of the love I bear, and the obligations I owe to my native and beloved country, should ever have imposed upon me,—to solicit at the bar of even-handed justice an infliction of penalties, and of condign punishment, commensurate with the offended majesty of those righteous and equal laws, by which the favoured citizens of this great, free, and independent nation, have agreed and submitted to be ruled and governed.—Theft, in every possible shape and bearing, is one of the worst and meanest of vices; but where *two* great moral, and national I may say, principles are involved, as in the case before this honourable court, and so respectable a jury,—I cannot find epithets sufficiently degrading and soul-subduing to apply to the individual who could be guilty of so monstrous a crime. The fellow who steals a horse—though, probably, a lazy rogue and vagabond—possesses, it is very clear, a certain ambition to rise in the world, and to leave behind him his humbler walk of life; while he who is tempted to steal an ox or a sheep commits the theft for the sake of the leather and the wool—and consequently supplies himself with shoes and woollen clothing, both highly necessary during our long and severe winter, and *not* for the sake of gratifying a hungry stomach (a god which few of us Americans worship),—for beef and mutton, I am rejoiced to say, never instigate the moral American to the breaking of the law. But alas! it must be admitted, that the temptation is too powerful when *pork* falls in the way of an easy-principled citizen. The passion for pork is national! and I rejoice that it is so—because it demonstrates, beyond all doubt, the superlatively refined taste of our people. In consequence of this admitted noble partiality, our sages and legislators have found it necessary to make those laws, bearing upon it, terrifically severe. Therefore, he who steals a hog, under any circumstances, is guilty of an offence of a most heinous character; but when one neighbour steals another neighbour's hog, why, another great and vital moral principle is forfeited, namely,—the duty we all owe to our neighbour, as recorded in that book from which there is no appeal."

It would be vain to attempt to follow the learned gentleman through all the changes he was pleased to ring upon the atrocity of that crime whereof his acquaintaince, the major, had been accused; and he wound up his remarks more strangely than ingeniously—by insinuating that the evidence was of such a nature, "that hardly a shadow of suspicion could attach to the gentleman's reputation and character." The judges seemed of the same opinion; for when the president summed up the evidence in the half-dozen sentences he had taken the trouble to commit to paper, he told the jury that he entertained precisely the same views that the States' Attorney had so forcibly elucidated and explained; wherefore, he did not consider it necessary to press upon their attention any remarks of his own. It was clear to him, he said, that Mr. Sweeny had lost a hog, and whether it had been taken by Major Snodgrass, which *he did not* believe,—or by a black bear which *he did* believe,—still the loss was precisely of the same extent to Mr. Sweeny. There had, he admitted, been considera-

and free communication than could have been found under any other circumstances.

On getting up to go home, it might have been remarked by those who are superstitiously inclined, that the first object that presented itself to the eyes of the lovers, was an enormous placard on a man's back, containing, in letters at least three inches long, the words "Tapps for Bellman;" and in smaller letters, "come to the poll on Tuesday the eleventh." I do not know whether any thrill of sympathetic horror rushed through the hearts of Mary and her admirer on seeing those appalling words; but it is highly probable, if they had foreseen all the misfortunes that those large red letters gave rise to, they would have wished that the father of Mr. Tapps the candidate had died in his infancy, or that Tapps himself had been run over by the Manchester and Liverpool train. I have no reason to suppose, however, that any of those aspirations with regard to Mr. Tapps or his father were uttered by either of our friends; so I will not detain the reader any longer, but inform him that, with a heavy heart, a large trunk, and two carpet-bags, Plantagenet Simpkinson took his departure from Buzzleton on the following day, and in due course of time arrived at his destination in the city. And there, for a short space, I leave him to his invoices and bills of lading—his three-legged stool, and his letter once a-week to the true-hearted Mary Padden.

I don't believe that there ever was a man who was a great orator, or a great poet, or a great any thing, (except perhaps a great ass,) without knowing it. There never was such a thing as a mute inglorious Milton, a dumb Demosthenes, or a blind Thomson of Duddingstone. It is therefore not to be supposed that Mr. Simpkinson, senior, was ignorant of his own powers; so far from it, indeed, that I have even heard it hinted, that, if it were possible, he overrated them; but this, even if it were true, is a very venial fault, for it is surely much better to be a little anxious to discover and dwell upon modest merits, wherever they are found, whether in one's self or in others, than to deny or undervalue them. There were few things in which Mr. Simpkinson found himself deficient;—history, theology, architecture, sporting, politics, business, or accomplishments, were equally at his finger-ends; but his forte, as I have already hinted in my attempt to explain the reason of his calling his son Plantagenet instead of Stubbs, was decidedly oratory. He was oratorical at breakfast, at dinner, in the news-room, in buying a pound of snuff, in ordering a pair of trowsers. In fact, he was altogether an orator; and you could no more have stood five minutes under an archway with him than with Edmund Burke, without discovering that he was an extraordinary man. Mr. Simpkinson was of no profession: it was hinted he was sleeping partner in the Chadfield clothmills, and also that he had a share in Stubb's brewery; but whether he had entered into any of those speculations or not, does not materially concern any body but himself. Mr. Padden also lived, as the phrase has it, on his means—a plain man, without much affectation, except an affectation of knowing whether any thing was "gentlemany" or not,—a sort of provincial Chesterfield, who forgave any thing, however wrong—murder itself, I believe—provided it were done in a gentlemanly manner. His origin, like that of the Guelph family, was unknown. He maintained a strict silence, as indeed you find is done by all the *real* aristocracy, on the subject of his ancient descent, and even on the inferior point of the achievements of his former days; but people in our town suspected, from an almost superhuman knowledge he displayed about ribbons and sarsenets, that he must have come from Coventry. This suspicion had been hinted to him by one or two of his acquaintance; but he showed so much touchiness and irritability on the subject, that few people would have ventured to renew the insinuation. This, I grant, is a vary meagre account of our two chief inhabitants; but I hope any deficiency in exactness or resemblance will be supplied in the next edition of Lord Brougham's sketches of distinguished characters in the reigns of the two last Georges. Therein also, let it be permitted me to hope, that Tapps will not be forgotten.

On the eventful Tuesday the eleventh, the whole town rushed distracted to the town-hall: Tapps on the one side of the chair, Hicks the rival candidate on the other; the mayor between the two, looking as like as he could to Hercules between vice and virtue; the expectant faces of the assemblage—for it was rumored that Mr. Simpkinson would speak—these, with the inferior accessories of clerks at the table, and the widow of the deceased Bellman in the foreground, bearing the badge of her late husband's office, during this momentous interregnum formed a subject which I feel surprised has not yet been seized upon by Hayter or Wilkie. A bustle is heard in the middle of the hall—an arm bearing aloft a best white beaver, waves impatiently forward to the chair—a way is made, and Mr Padden mounts the steps, and turns towards the audience as if in act to speak. He speaks, he swells, he waves his hand, he thumps the table. Oh heavens! oh earth! oh sea! he concludes a powerful harangue by proposing Hicks! What! Padden propose Hicks—when he knew—when all Buzzleton—when all England knew, that Simpkinson supported Tapps! Astonishment kept the whole assembly silent for a space, which was only interrupted by the short proud cough with which the orator cleared his throat. His throat was at last cleared; he stood forward a little, and, beginning in a low tone of voice, he worked himself into a paroxysm of eloquence; then sinking his tone again, went through the whole compass of his wonderful voice, fleeching, praying, roaring, bullying, scolding, stamping, and thumping, sometimes the little table, sometimes one hand against the other, till it was impossible not to believe that he was Demosthenes, and was speaking Greek. I have every reason to believe, that what he did say was, in fact, as good every bit as that illustrious language to the greater part of his auditory. "When I reflect," he said, "on the momentaneous interests for which we are here dissembled, I feel that in this question is evolved, not the mere office of bellman, high and honorable as that office is, but the glory, the might, the power and independence of the rate-payers of Buzzleton. What! are we to cringe to a divaricated hallucination? Are we to bend ourselves at the shrine of a dephlogisticated parabola, and yield intense submission to the dictates of an anathematized hyperbole? Perish the thought! Tapps, and no other—no Hicks—creeping through existence under the adumbrated essence of metaphorical seclusion!—no Hicks—bearing aloft in one hand the embodied ingenuity of detruncated volocity; and, in the other, the faded majesty of meretricious susceptibility—no Hicks, with the tiger eyes of humanity breathing forth the condensed malignity of atrocious horror!—Tapps! Tapps only, shall be bellman of this town!"—[great cheers.]

But it is impossible to report the speech as it deserves, and therefore, as I recollect reading in some book of criticism, that the great art of elevating one's hero, consists not in mere description, but in representing the effects produced by him upon others, I shall proceed to the next morning, namely Wednesday the 12th, when the following correspondence took place.

Chapter III.

But here, before entering on this disagreeable portion of my task, I cannot forbear venting a few sighs over the uncertainty of friendship. A chain that it has taken years to rivet, may be puffed in fifty pieces by a few syllables;—in that respect resembling the knot which jugglers tie upon a handkerchief, apparently strong enough to hang the most determined and fattest of suicides, but which, by being simply blown upon, untwines itself in an instant, and leaves not a vestige of its having ever been tied. Oh juggler's knot! oh friendship! (not to continue the interjections, and say) oh love! you ought all three to be ashamed of yourselves, and not be blown aside by a few puffs of wind, whether those puffs are mere inarticulate blowings, such as those with which, in my impatient youth, I used to cool my pudding, or form themselves into words and syllable men's names. Who could have thought that a friendship of twenty years could have been dissolved by such a very inconsiderable event as the election of John Tapps to the bellmanship of Buzzleton? Yet, so it was; and the volcano that smouldered in the bosom of Mr. Padden was blown up to explosive heat, and astounded our peaceful town with a prodigious eruption, in the manner I now proceed to relate.

On the evening of Tuesday, our amiable friend Bob waited impatiently for the return of his father, when that gentleman at last made his appearance, looking somewhat discomfited by the defeat of his candidate.

"Ha!" said the tender-hearted Robert, "I knew how it would be! I see by your face Hicks has won."

"By no means, Robert, he has been defeated; but remember, Robert, the word, ha, is a very ungentlemany word—very ungentlemany indeed. I never say ha!"

"What! Tapps made bellman? Never heard of such a thing; but no wonner, old Simpk's'n has it all his own way. We must all yield, I s'pose, and be called whatever names he likes to call us."

"Calling names is very ungentlemany; I never call names. Who calls any body names?"

"Why, old Simpk's'n to be sure. He laid 'em on pretty thick. I've heard all about it, though I wasn't there."

"Do you allude to any thing he said to-day?"

"To be sure I do; and every day, I s'pose. When one has such a tidy little stock o' nicknames, I s'pose he don't grudge 'em to his friends."

"Do you mean to say Mr. Simpkinson was so ungentlemany, so *very* ungentlemany, as to insinuate any personal allusion to me?"

"Don't I! Who do you think he meant by all that rigmarole about parabolas, and hallucinations, and tiger's eyes? Your eyes, you know, father, are nothing to boast of; but, if I were in your shoes, I would let nobody talk of tiger's eyes—be hanged if I would!" And with this magnanimous declaration, Mr. Robert swung out of the room. And now, oh reader! begins the correspondence.

No. 1.

"Mr. Padden sends compliments to Mr. Simpkinson—would feel obliged by explanation of following passage in Mr. S.'s speech of yesterday, viz., 'Cringe to prevaricated allucination, and bend at shrine of deaf logisticated parabola, and yield submission to an anatomatized hyperbole.' Also, farther on, what was Mr. S 's intention in allusion to tiger's eyes? An early answer will be an obligation.

"*High St., Wednesday 12th.*"

No. 2.

"Sir,—In allusion to the document forwarded to me by the hand of Bob, your son, touching certain impressions detained in my speech of yesterday, on the subject of Tapps's elevation to the bellmanship of this highly civilized and indiginious community, I beg to demand on what grounds you implicate the sensibility of my remarks, and repudiate, with disgust and obduracy, the language and contorted epitaphs which you charge me with having employed. Sir, in the sacred discharge of a duty, I scorn the most venerable asseverations, and cast to the idolatrous winds every consideration but the high and paramount necessity of holding equal the balance between justice and iniquity! Yes, this through life has been my maximum; and this course I mean to pursue, undeteriorated from the right path by all the eccentricities of decorum, and all the sinuosities of acumen. With this explanation, which I hope will be deemed satisfactory, I remain, Sir, your humble servant, J. Simpkinson."

No. 3.

"Mr. Padden again sends compliments to Mr. Simpkinson, and wishes a direct answer. Did you, sir, mean to call me a parabola, &c.? So no more at present, but remains"——

No. 4.

"Sir,—I stand on my right as a public man. I throw myself before the tribunal of my country, and assert the privilege of a speaker, on a great public occasion, to say what he chooses, without being called upon for his meaning. Sir, oratory would be at an end, if its best prerogative were trampled under foot. To no one will I be answerable but to my own conscience; that minotaur, whose voice I ever obey; and therefore, sir, in this concatenation of affairs, and refusing this allegorical mode of questioning, I decline telling whether I meant to designate you as a parabola or not. With these sentiments, I inscribe myself your humble servant, J. Simpkinson."

No. 5.

Sir,—I must say your conduct is very ungentlemany—very ungentlemany indeed: and I must decline the honor of your society at dinner on Friday. Also, your son Plantagenet need not renew his correspondence with my daughter, especially as he has frequently neglected to pay the post. So no more, but remains your humble servant, J. Padden."

Friday came—no dinner-party. Saturday came—no letter from young Plantagenet: Bob looking pleased as Punch, Mary drooping and distressed; the two old men fidgety, and London, in the bleared eyes of the young lover, a desolate wilderness: and all owing to Tapps's election to the bellmanship. What great events from trivial causes spring!

It was two months after these melancholy events—that is to say, when August had first furtively begun to dip his brush into the pallet of November, and had already tinged the leaves of the elm walk of Buzzleton with the faintest possible tinge of yellow—on the twentieth day of August, 1837, a young lady was taking a disconsolate walk by the side of our beautiful river—pretty foot, plump figure, gentle eyes,—by George! It could be nobody else but Mary Padden! And Mary Padden it was. Not far from her, but sulkily stalking along on the outer row of trees, was the illustrious Bob. It is no wonder, therefore, that Mary looked disconsolate. The Yahoo, as if for the convenience of any of the passers-by, who were not entirely deaf, took care, by retaining his distant position, to force the conversation into a very audible pitch—a conversation, by-the-bye, in which he bore the principal part, Mary's portion of it being extremely monosyllabic.

"Why, Mary you are certainly the unluckiest gal I ever saw. Tadgy is a deuce sight worse than Dr. Darrell. He's to be married, they say, next week."

A start; and, if the brute had seen it, a flush of crimson, succeeded by a deadly paleness, showed that the arrow had struck; but she said nothing.

"You don't seem to hear what I said, Mary. I was telling you that Tadgy"——

"I heard you, Robert; don't talk so loud; every body will hear you."

"Well, every body has heard it already, I s'pose. Sukey has ordered such lots of dresses—five-and twenty bandboxes, with a bonnet, they say, in each of them, from Madame La Plume, the French milliner at Chadfield. Five-and-twenty bonnets!—think of that, Mary"——

Mary did not think at all on the subject, but, summoning up a little courage, enquired who Sukey was.

"Sukey Stubbs, to be sure, his own cousin. You know very well. His father has forced the match, they say, but I daresay Tadgy was glad enough. He'll leave the grocery business in London, and settle down in Chadfield: I say, rare fun, won't it be, for him and Dr. Darrell to live, perhaps, next door to each other? The two deceivers."

Mary deigned no reply, and our friend, the Yahoo, seemed meditating some other agreeable subject of conversation. Suddenly he burst out, as he perceived certain figures advancing down the walk.

"Crikey! here's a lark! Blowed if old Simpk's'n himself and Sukey ain't coming down the long walk—and, by Jingo!" he added in a still louder voice, "there comes Tadgy himself, creeping after 'em as if his nose were bleeding."

Before the elegant youth had found time for more exclamations, a hand was laid on his shoulder—

"Go home, Robert," said his father, for it was the old gentleman who addressed him; "don't speak so loud on the public walk—I fear your impetuous courage will lead you to do something ungentlemanly, if I am insulted by those people. Mary, take my arm, look away, and pass on as if you never saw them."

In the mean time a conversation of much the same kind, though contained in rather finer language, took place between the orator and his son, Plantagenet. But when the parties actually came near, though each father kept tight hold of his offspring's arm, and carried his own head prodigiously elevated, it was impossible for either of the young people to look as they had been directed, and their eyes for a moment, but only a moment, met. A moment is a century on some occasions. That single glance showed that, however Capulet and Montagu might storm, Romeo was still Romeo, and Juliet Juliet. Tadgy's blue coat looked rather large for him, whether it had been originally manufactured with an eye to the possibility of his getting more expanded, or that grief and sorrow had worn him away;—and his fine jolly countenance seemed in the anxious eyes of Mary to wear a far more unhealthy hue than formerly. But, however these matters might be, she felt satisfied that Sukey had no place in Tadgy's thoughts, and was even rejoiced at the looseness of the coat, and paleness of the cheek. With no outward recognition—with heads stuck high in the air, and backs unbent as Maypoles, the fathers strutted on—the parties pursued their respective ways, the meeting had taken place, and each progenitor felt mightily elated that his quarrel had been taken up by their own flesh and blood, without giving themselves a moment's time to reflect that two young people were, perhaps, sacrificing the happiness of their lifetime, because two old blockheads chose to play the fool.

As the distance grew gradually between the parties, Mr. Simpkinson relaxed his hold of Tadgy's arm; and that gentleman, finding himself at liberty, slunk cautiously behind. He suddenly bolted over the little walk to the water-side where he had seen the Yahoo, who had been watching all these operations from one of the benches.

"Robert," he said, "by all that's good and kind, do me just a little favor. Tell Mary I shall be here to-night at nine o'clock. She can easily come this way home from her aunt Margaret's where she can go to tea. Do, be a good-hearted fellow, and tell her. I have much to say, and daren't stop a moment."

"Wont I?" said the good-natured Robert; but, on looking round, his suppliant had hurried off and rejoined the party. "Wont I?—my fine Tadgy?—That I will—why, Tadgy has it all so pat, nothing can be so convenient. Wont I have some fun out of all this? Let me see how I can manage." And leaving the Yahoo in the midst of his, no doubt, benevolent meditations, I close this chapter.

Chapter IV.

Aunt Margaret's tea-table had never appeared so tiresome in the eyes of Mary Padden. The old lady's anecdotes seemed to have grown more preternaturally long than usual; the time between the cups more prolonged, and the dial hand of the chimney-piece clock absolutely paralyzed. Not that Mary was dying of actual impatience to meet my good friend Plantagenet: I will venture to say she would have survived her disappointment if the meeting had been put off till that day month; but she felt in the uncomfortable state we may suppose some criminal to be in, when he is anxious for the time of his uncertainty to be over. But in addition to this, she could not help having a vague suspicion that all was not right with her new found confidant, the Yahoo; for that individual had not been quite able to conceal the existence of something or other more than he had told her. He had also promised to call for her, and conduct her through the elm walk; and amid Mary's wonderings and speculations, and in her present state of uncertainty, it is not very surprising that Aunt Margaret thought her a very disagreeable visiter, and even had some slight idea of altering her will. At the appointed time, however, the Yahoo appeared, and after a few delicate insinuations against old maids, (for the edification of Aunt Margaret,) marched off his sister, to the mutual relief of the aunt and niece.

"Wrap yourself well up, Mary," he said, "the night is very cold and dark. Here, take old auntie's bonnet and pelisse; what a fool you are to come out with a bare head, and no cloak."

"You are very kind, Robert," answered the sister, astonished no less than pleased at the affectionate solicitude of her brother. "I shall not forget how good you have been."

"I daresay you wont," muttered the youth, "nor Tadgy either, if I mistake not; but come along, stuff your little feet into Aunt Margaret's pattens, for it has rained very lately, take my arm; forward, march!"

In the meantime a solitary figure was pacing impatiently up and down the middle walk. As the hour of nine approached, he seemed more and more impatient; the walk, partly from the cloudiness of the evening, and partly from the umbrageousness of the foliage, was nearly dark, and in vain he strained his eyes in the direction of Aunt Margaret's, to catch a glimpse of any one approaching. He stood still, and listened; at last he thought he heard a distant sound of footsteps, and hastily retreated to the little beach, surrounded with bushes, and facing the river. "What a good fellow," he muttered half aloud, "that horrid Yahoo has turned. It was so good in him to recommend me dressing in my father's clothes, gaiters, shoes, and all, besides his broad hat and spectacles. Even if Mary is seen with a man, people can't say anything when they think it is my father; and, besides it is impossible for him to hear of my having met with her, as I defy any one to swear to my identity in these clothes."

"Here we are," said Bob at this moment, "never mind the bonnet, 'tis Mary, I assure you. I will go and keep guard, but don't be long."

Mr. Bob then walked directly towards the biggest tree in our parish, which is called the Pilgrim's Elm, and is not above fifty yards south of the resting-place of the lovers. Hidden from observation, even if it had been daylight, behind its gigantic trunk stood no other than Mr. Padden himself.

"You see if all I say aint true, father," said the son; "you go and watch them—such billing and cooing never was—disgraceful! phaugh!"

The old gentleman said nothing, but stole quietly to the south end of the little clump of bushes, from which he could catch dim glimpses of human figures, and hear indistinct murmurs of human voices. The conversation between the lovers, as indeed I believe is fitting on such occasions, was carried on in a tone which would scarcely have reached an ear placed nearer to them than that of Mr. Padden. A very short time sufficed to explain to each other their sorrow at the disagreement of their fathers; and, as I do not pretend to paint Mary as altogether perfect, I will not deny that she made enquiries about Sukey Stubbs, though she felt convinced without Plantagenet's assertions, that there was no real ground for the report. When Tadgy had told her that such an idea had never entered into any body's head, and was a vile creation of Master Bob's malice, Mary could not refrain from raising her voice a little, while she said,

"My brother is certainly the most spiteful and malicious wretch in all the world!"

"A good thrashing would do him no harm," was the rejoinder of Plantagenet, in the same tone.

"You old abominable flirt!" thought Mr. Padden, before whose eyes floated indistinctly the cloak and bonnet of his sister, Aunt Margaret; "and you, you old debauchee," turning his look on the peculiar hat and long-backed coat of his antagonist, Mr. Simpkinson—"I'll work you both for this. I'll expose them both, if Margaret had ten times five thousand pounds. Malicious wretch! thrashing indeed! most ungentlemanly language! very."

The old gentleman, however, managed to restrain his wrath within peaceable bounds, and strained every nerve to catch some more of the conversation. But it appears to have sunk into quieter channels, and glided at its own sweet will from the past to the future, and, indeed, through all the tenses of the verb *amare*.

"Come, now, I must go," said Mary, "'tis getting late."

"Not yet, my dear girl, we may not meet again for a long time;" and while Mary rose to go, and Tadgy argued to detain her, I will not undertake to swear that the broad hat of the gentleman did not lift up the front of the straw bonnet in a very peculiar fashion.

"Kissed her, by all that's beastly!" ejaculated Mr. Padden, as he hurried round the clump to confront them as they emerged into the middle walk—"If he isn't a parabola, and an allucination too, or something worse, if any thing can be worse, I'm no gentleman, that's all."

As he rushed to the north end of the bushes, he came suddenly on the object of his search, but Mary had disappeared. Mr. Simpkinson had his mouth apparently so filled with big words, that they tumbled and jostled over each other in their effort to escape.

"Sir," he began, "in all my experience of the subleties of private conspiracy and rebellion, this is the grand climacteric and apex. Here have I been listening to the plans of your daughter, who is deluding my son."

"My daughter!" broke in Mr. Padden, "your son, sir! My *sister* you mean, and *yourself*—most ungentlemany behaviour! Haven't I seen you with my own eyes, salute that foolish old woman, for the sake of her five thousand pounds in the four per cents—haven't I heard you say that a thrashing, sir—a thrashing would do me good; your conduct is ungentlemany, sir—very ungentlemany indeed!"

"What do you mean, sir, you hypercritical paradigma? hasn't your own son, Robert, told me the whole plot; that you told your daughter to disguise herself like her aunt, to have the opportunity of meeting John Plantagenet Simpkinson, my son? Haven't I seen their meeting? I pause for a reply!"

"This won't do with me, Mr. Simpkinson, nor with any gentleman. There is no mistaking your hat and coat—nor poor sister Margaret's cloak and bonnet; and, as her nearest relation, I shall see that she is not trifled with—good-night, sir."

"By no means, sir," exclaimed the orator, "this is a point involving gigantic considerations of preponderance and importance. Your daughter has inveigled my son to this candlestine meeting, and you now cast the iniquity upon me. You shall account for this before we part."

A low whistle at this instant hindered the two chief inhabitants of Buzzleton from giving each other a bloody nose; for no sooner was the whistle heard than the *fons et origo mali*, the identical Mr. Tapps, the bellman, assisted by his former rival, Mr. Hicks, who, by way of a compensation, had been made supernumerary constable, rushed forward on the belligerents, and arrested them, informing them, at the same time, that his worship the mayor had received information from Mr. Robert Padden of their intention to fight a duel.

Here was confusion worse confounded!—Our two dignitaries to be marched in charge of the authorities to his worship's house, and thence, after examination, to be either bound over to keep the peace, or consigned to the cage! Mutual danger smoothed the way in a great measure to a mutual accommodation, and when at last our magnates appeared in the mayor's parlour, they seemed to have almost renewed their ancient friendship. The eloquence of Mr. Simpkinson had seldom shone so much as in his explanation to the mayor of all the circumstances of the case; but that official being perhaps not so deeply read in Cicero as was becoming for so high an officer, professed himself totally at a loss to comprehend one syllable of the whole transaction. Under these circumstances, he judged it best to send for all the parties implicated, and after the lapse of a few minutes, all had obeyed his summons, with the exception of the Yahoo. Mr. Plantagenet, on parting from Mary, had returned to the walk, and, having nothing better to do, had carried into execution his long cherished resolution of thrashing that unfortunate victim to his heart's content; an operation for which it is highly probable he could not have had a better opportunity if he had waited a century; for our whole civic force was occupied guarding the prisoners at the mayor's, and the night was dark, and the walk deserted.

It may be observed, as an illustration of the certainty of retribution even in this world, that when the party assembled at the mayor's discovered the cause of Mr. Bob's absence; the justice of the treatment he had experienced, struck every one as so exemplary, that, in fact, it acted as a bond of union between the Montagus and Capulets, and rose in the eyes of the indignant Mr. Simpkinson to the dignity of a providential dispensation. All things were easily explained—the orator went even so far as to withdraw the expressions parabola and hallucination, and Mr. Padden professed himself perfectly satisfied with so gentlemany a proceeding.

That night there was a jolly supper at Mr. Simpkinson's house—a supper, I am bound to observe, where the jokes that took place about the mistakes caused by that eloquent individual's coat and hat, and Aunt Margaret's cloak and bonnet, bade fair to produce a realization of a connexion between those useful articles of apparel. Mr. Padden looked a little alarmed; but the fit passed off, Mr. Simpkinson is still one great man and unmarried. The Yahoo has been a settler in Australia for a year; and the christening of John Plantagenet Simpkinson, junior, took place about six months since. Our friend Tadgy has retired from London, and, with his wife, resides alternately with the two sires. He is churchwarden, and holds two or three offices besides; for now that the two families are united, they make one parish in a regular pocket borough. No other interest can resist them, so that one of the morals to be derived from this story is, that division is weakness, and union strength.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A Hint to Wives.—"If I am not at home from the party to night at 10 o'clock," said a husband to his better and *bigger* half, "don't wait for me."

"That I won't," replied the lady, significantly; "I won't *wait*, but I'll *come* for you"

The gentleman returned at 10 o'clock precisely. Picayune.

POSTSCRIPT!

SATURDAY MORNING, TWO O'CLOCK.

We have just received the "National Intelligencer" of the 4th inst., containing the result of the Four mile race at Washington, which we hasten to lay before our readers.

On *Thursday*, Oct. 3, Mr. J. WILSON's *Tom Walker* won the J. C. Purse of $800, Four mile heats, beating *Mary Selden, Reliance, Shadow*, and *Sempronius*. Time, 7:57½—7:59.

The race was well contested. In the first heat Mary Selden led for the first three miles, followed closely by the others, when a severe contest ensued between her and Tom Walker, which terminated in favor of the latter by about a length. Large odds were now given in favor of Tom. Mary again took the lead for the second heat, and retained it until reaching the quarter stretch of the last mile, when Tom dashed ahead, and won by a length. Sempronius was withdrawn after the first heat, and Reliance was distanced in the second.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Union Course Races.—Next week our first Fall meeting commences, and although the prospect of sport has not been thought brilliant, yet the number of stables congregating on the Island begins to give token of amusement. Mr. STEVENS is always there with a string of young things; Mr. VAN MATER is already upon the ground with *Hornblower, Trenton, Clarion*, and others; Capt. STOCKTON's stable will be there in full force, with one horse in it who will put up Hornblower to all he knows, the four mile day; LAIRD has *Decatur*, with five or six others; Mr. KIRBY has brought on his horses from the South, and Mr. HARE is expected with *The Queen, Job*, and others. All these, with the small lots scattered about the Island and New Jersey, will be likely to afford good sport. *Hornblower, Langford*, and *Decatur* are likely to contest the four mile day, and if the track be right, there will be one quick heat, and no mistake. If The Queen could join this party, it would excite as much attention as any race since *Bascombe* and *Post Boy's* struggle.

Kendall Course Races.—An immense meeting is expected at this favorite course next week. The purses are very numerous, and what is better, they are very large, as the reader will see by the advertisement in another column. If anything we could say would do any good, it should be said, for we are anxious to see such liberality on the part of proprietors sustained by the public. But turfmen understand this matter quite well enough themselves, and with good fields of horses, the taste for the sport is strong enough among Americans to sustain racing in a princely style.

The Louisville Race.—We shall not learn before Monday or Tuesday next the result of the great Sweepstakes. By the latest accounts, *Billy Townes* had improved in the betting, although Wagner still had the call. The race should be well reported, for both our own reporters and "one other gentleman" are on the ground. A correspondent of an earlier date writes thus:—

"We have just heard of Mary Vaughan's winning the three mile race at the Crab Orchard in shocking bad time. It was expected that she and Hawk-Eye would come together on that day, and much anxiety was felt to know the result, as it would have some bearing on the Louisville Stake; but he ate his bed the night before, and could not start. They say Occident is promising, but until now I have never heard of him since his nomination. I am told that there is little probability of Musedora's starting."

Washington Races.—Col. THOMPSON's filly won the first day's Sweepstakes, beating *Hope* and *Mariner*. Mr. STOCKETT won a two mile purse the same day. A full report next week.

Mr. WILSON's *Buck Eye* won the three mile purse on Wednesday, beating *Mozart* and *Rowena*. There was, however, a complaint made to the Judges of foul riding; it was sustained by them, but Mr. Wilson has appealed to the Club, and their decision we have not yet heard. The time of the 1st heat was 5:48

Reliance, Tom Walker, Shadow, Mary Selden, and a colt by Zinganee, were entered for the four mile race.

We have received reports of the Lynchburg races, and likewise of the Kingston, U. C., but cannot find room for them this week.

The Turf Register.—The best number yet, we have issued this week. The engravings have cost more than the illustrations of any single previous number But to the kernel—CYPRESS, JR., has an article on Woodcock shooting, worth any amount of money—it is unequalled. The "Week in the Woodlands" is continued to the "Fifth Day," which is certainly excellent; there is a full memoir of *Lady Clifden* with all her performances, by one in Baltimore, who "knows something," and a paper of great value on the English and American Turf. These are all the contents we can find room to enumerate; for further particulars "see small bills," alias advertisement, in another column.

A new Jockey Club has been formed at Columbia, Tenn., a meeting of which took place on the 9th ult. at the race course, and was organized by calling Wilis H. Boddie, Esq., to the chair, and the appointment of Dr. A. H. Buchanan Secretary. The Club then proceeded to the election of its several officers for the ensuing year, and upon collecting and counting the ballots, it appeared that Gen. ALLEN BROWN was elected President; Dr. A. H. Buchanan, Rufus K. Polk, and Ewan Young, Esqrs., 1st, 2d, and 3d Vice Presidents, and F. K. Zollicoffer, Esq., Secretary. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club were adopted, and the name of "the *Ashland Course*" was given to the track, which will be under the superintendence of Wm. K. Hill, Esq.

The following match races will come off over the North Alabama Course, at Huntsville:—

1st day, Oct. 2, 1839.—JAS. W. CAMP's b. c. *Bustamente*, by Whalebone, dam by Timoleon, against BOARDMAN & MCLAREN's ch c. by Imp. Actæon, out of Design, for $3000 a side, Two mile heats.

2d day, Oct. 3.—JAS. W. CAMP's br. c. by Marion, dam by Timoleon, against BOARDMAN & MCLARAN's b. f. *Maria Brown*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Brunette, by Sir Hal, for $2000 a side, Two mile heats.

We are happy to hear that the Messrs. MERRITT will send to Long Island next year one of their very best imported horses, and no doubt he will make an excellent season. We understand that *Trustee*, who is now in Virginia, was universally admired, both for the symmetry of his form and power.

FALL TROTTING MEETING, Beacon Course.

Though unable to attend in person this meeting, which has just been held on this course, we hear from several friends that the sport has been very good—hardly a dull trot throughout. The results are annexed:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 1, 1839—Purse $100, for trotting horses that never trotted for a purse; Two mile heats in harness.

J. Woodruff's b. g. *Americus*	1 1
E. H. White's ch. g. *Don Juan*	2 2
M. Clintock's br. m. *Dairyman's Daughter*	5 3
C. Bertine's ch. g. *Doughnut*	4 4
Mr. Brigg's bl. g. *Black Hawk*	6 5
H. Woodruff's br. g. *Centreville*	3 dr
C. Week's br. h. *Job*	dr

Time, 5:33—5:43.

SAME DAY—Purse $100, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100, Two mile heats under the saddle.

H. Jones' ch. g. *Henry*	1 1
G. Spicer's b. g. *Red Robin*	2 2
H. Woodruff's gr. h. *Damon*	dr
Isaac Woodruff's ro. h. *Jack Frost*	dr

Time, 5:42—5:30.

Henry took the lead from the start, and kept it throughout.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2—Purse $100, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $50, Two mile heats under the saddle.

P. White's ch. g. *Don Juan*	1 1
H. Woodruff's gr. g. *Damon*	2 dr
Mr. Briggs' bl. g. *Black Hawk*	dist.

Time, 5:29.

SAME DAY—Purse $100, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100, except the winner of the second purse; Two mile heats in harness.

I. Woodruff's b. g. *Americus*	1 1
P. Whelan's b. m. *Kate Kearney*	3 2
H. Woodruff's gr. m. *Helen McGregor*	2 3

Time, 5:46—5:43.

Kate took the lead, and kept it for the first mile, closely followed by Americus; on entering the back stretch Kate broke up, Americus took the lead, and kept it throughout the heat, winning it by several lengths.

In the second heat, Americus was never headed. It was evident that Kate Kearney was off, for she had in her previous trials made a mile over the same course in 2:34.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—Purse $150, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $200, except the Ice Poney; Two mile heats in harness.

D. Bryan's gr. m. *Lady Suffolk*	2 1 1
H. Jones' ch. g. *Henry*	1 3 2
H. Woodruff's gr. m. *Celeste*	3 2 3
J. Whelan's br. g. *Cato*	4 4 dist.

Time, 5:28—5:28—5:26.

After several false starts, the four got away nearly abreast. Henry took the lead at the half mile post, where all, however, were well up, Cato being last; Henry continued the lead throughout the heat, Lady Suffolk being second and well up.

The second heat was an out and outer between Lady Suffolk and Celeste; the driver of Lady Suffolk made his whip play so fast over his mare's back, and around Celeste's head, that it caused the latter to break. There was a charge of foul driving made by the driver of Celeste, but there was not sufficient evidence to obtain a decision. The heat was given to Lady Suffolk.

In the third heat, at the start, Lady Suffolk unfortunately broke, and fell some four or five lengths behind. She soon took her trot again, and passed the Judge's Stand ahead in the second mile. Henry now went up to her again, and the struggle in the last quarter was very severe, the two being neck and neck, and doing all they knew. Henry broke up within fifty yards of the winning post.

SAME DAY—Purse $100, for pacing horses that never won a purse of $200; Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the saddle.

H. Woodruff's b. g. *Drover*	1 1 1
P. Webber's bl. g. *Washington*	2 2 2
J. Appleton's gr. g. *Long Tail Blue*	dist.
Mr. Underhill's b. m. *Otsego Maid*	dist.
Mr. Walker's ch. g. *Dick Turpin*	dist.

Time, 2:30—2:31—2:28.

Drover was the favorite at 2 to 1 against the field, and no takers at that.

FRIDAY, Oct. 4—Purse $150, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $200, except the winner of the fifth purse; Two mile heats under the saddle.

H. Woodruff's gr. m. *Celeste*	2 1 1
H. Jones' ch. g. *Henry*	1 2 2
J. Woodruff's b. g. *Americus*	dist.
P. Wheelan's ch. g. *Don Juan*	dr

Time, 5:22—5:32½—5:26.

A good start from the score, but Americus broke at the beginning, causing him to be distanced. Henry and Celeste came down the straight side lapped, when the mare broke, and Henry won the heat by about two lengths.

2d heat.—Celeste took the lead from the start, and maintained it throughout, Henry barely saving his distance.

3d heat.—Celeste led for a mile and a half, when she broke, allowing Henry to pass about 25 yards ahead, when he also broke, and Celeste passed him again, and won the heat by three or four lengths.

SAME DAY—Purse $250, free for all trotting horses, Two mile heats in harness.

J. Hamil's b. g. *Dutchman*	1 1
G. Spicer's b. g. *Awful*	2 2

Time, 5:11—5:16.

Betting, 100 to 20 on the winner. Dutchman led off for a mile and a half in the 1st heat, and then broke, when Awful passed him, but was again overtaken by Dutchman, who won the heat by about three lengths.

In the second heat, Dutchman took the lead from the start, and maintained it throughout.

THE REGATTA.

The Fourth Annual Regatta of the Amateur Boat Club Association, came off according to announcement, at Castle Garden, on the afternoon of Tuesday, 1st of October.

The scene was very animated and beautiful, the promenade upon the top of Castle Garden was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, each watching with eager interest the fortunes of his favorite. The crowd of people on the Battery, resembled that usually assembled to greet a "President" or a "Steamship"—hundreds of boats of every imaginable style and color were skimming gaily over the water, each vieing with the other in the beauty of its motions, or the dress of its crew. The Brass Band with its martial music filled every breast with confidence and courage, and the start was announced to the anxious spectators by the sound of cannon.

The distance to be rowed was about five miles. The boats started from the stake boat at Castle Garden, and rowed round Bedloe's Island, and back to the stake boat. No entrance money required.

First Race—Four oared boats, for two prizes.

Water Witch	1
Sleepy Davy	2
Hope	dr

There was much difficulty about this race, in consequence of the *Sleepy Davy* not being manned by the crew which was entered; hence the other boats refused to row with her, and she started alone meaning to win the prize "any how," but the *Water Witch* followed her and beat her. After much discussion it was arranged that both boats should row the race over again on Thursday.

Second Race—Six-oared Association race, for three prizes.

Gazelle	1
Gondola	2
Halcyon	3
Cleopatra	4

They all got off well together, and kept head and head until rounding the Island, when the Halcyon flagged and fell behind; the other three still kept their stroke until near home, when the Gazelle, by a tremendous effort, took the lead, coming in a winner by a few lengths, the Gondola 2d, with the Cleopatra just at her stern Time, 29 minutes.

Third Race—Six-oared general race, for three prizes.

Anne	1
Wave	2
Kosciusko	3
Washington	dr
Alciope	dr

This race was the great event of the day. Large amounts were pending, and all hearts beat high with expectation. The Wave and the Anne were the favorites. Only three started—the Anne, Wave, and Kosciusko. The Wave led off in fine style, and kept the lead until behind the Island, when the Anne passed, and came in a winner by two lengths, the Wave second, and the Kosciusko third. Time, 27:30.

The result accorded with our prediction in last week's paper, knowing as we did the tremendous size and strength of the Anne's crew, and that they were mostly bred in the Highlands, and have been amateur boatmen on the Hudson from boyhood. The crew of the Wave were not in sufficient practice to come up to the expectation of their many friends.

The prizes were given by the Judges to the Coxswain of each boat. To the Anne, a pair of silver pitchers, to the Wave, a handsome pair of silver goblets, to the Gazelle, a prize boat built by Crolius, to the Gondola a pair of silver goblets, and to the Kosciusko and Cleopatra, a pair of silver cups each.

On Thursday, October 3, the second trial between the Water Witch and the Sleepy Davy, for the prize of two silver goblets, came off at 5 o'clock, both manned by their own crew. The Sleepy Davy led about half the way, when the Water Witch passed, and won with ease amidst great cheering. Time, 31:30.

The prize was then presented to the Coxswain of the Water Witch, much to the delight of most of the spectators, but rather to the astonishment of a few "cute chaps" who had bet two to one on Sleepy Davy.

NASHVILLE (Tenn.) FIRST FALL MEETING.

One of our special correspondents has furnished us with the annexed report: *Officers of the Club*:—Judges, Samuel Ragland, and H. Petway, Esqrs.; Distance Judges, L. P. Cheatham and John McNairy, Esqrs.; Timers, Nichl. Davis and Thos. Eubank Leefe, Esqrs.; Secretary, Hugh Kirkman, Esq.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $100 each. Mile heats.

Breathitt & Carroll's ch. c. *Stockborough*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder	1 1
Saml. J. Carter's b. f. by Bertrand, out of Sally Nailor	2 2
J. G. Sheegog's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar	3 dist.
J. H. White's b. f. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard	4 dist.

Time, 1:58—1:57.

Stockborough had the lead and start; he never was pushed, and won both heats with the greatest ease.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Three subs. at $100 each. One mile.

J. C. Guild's b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard	1
Philip C. Shute's ch. f. by Lafayette, dam by Pacific	bolt.
J. C. Sheegog's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar	pd.ft.

Time not kept.

SATURDAY, Sept. 21—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Three subs. at $100 each. Two mile heats.

Saml. J. Carter's gr. f. by Russel's Houston, out of Sally Nailor	1 1
T. W. Gilman's b. c. by Medoc, dam by Bertrand	2 2
Smith Cridle's b. c. by Shakspeare, dam unknown	dist.

Time, 4:20—4:41.

"CAPT. McHEATH"—ERROR CORRECTED.

FLORIDA, Aug. 5, 1839

Mr. Editor,—In your last "Spirit of the Times" I notice that your Southern correspondent says that *Capt. McHeath* ran in four States—Florida, and three others—two races in each State (except one), and lost but one heat, travelling 130 and 180 miles between each course, in about four weeks. This, Sir, must be an error; the Captain arrived at Tallahassee the day before the colt race, and started for the Club purse, mile heats, best 3 in 5; the fourth day after his arrival (not being in condition) he was beaten by Mr. WILDER's *Jumper* and Col. D. MORRISON's *Southerner*, at three mile heats, and was distanced the last heat. Time, 1:53—1:56—1:59. He then went to Marianna, and started for the J. C Purse, mile heats, best 3 in 5; here he was looking well, and was beaten by Col. J. J. PITTMAN's b. g. *Jim Kearney*, at three heats. This was a close and well contested race, especially the last heat; no one could tell for three quarters of a mile, in fact, until the straight run home, which would win. Here the friends of Jim Kearney, who had backed him with a perfect rush, saw that FULLER, on his back, had him a little in hand. Now they are at the gate—now in the straight run home; here they come—clear the track! Fuller gives him the spur, and Jim comes home with such a rush as would have made Heaney's *Maria* take the spur, and won the heat by a length. These, Sir, are all the races the Captain ran while in Florida, as you will see by referring to your valuable paper, the greatest of all papers, as is Leviathan the greatest of all horses. Capt. McHeath never won a heat while in Florida.

I have lately visited the stud of Col. J. J. PITTMAN; he has taken up *Charles Archy*, and some young things; Charles looks well. I also saw *Francis Marion* and *American Citizen*. They are two fine looking stallions, especially the latter; he will compare in point of form and fine finish with any horse in America. I also saw his Bertrand mare and her filly colt, 1 yr. old, by Francis Marion; this colt would get a prize in a colt show, even in Tennessee or Kentucky. He has also a bay mare by Kosciusko, which looks well, stinted to Francis Marion, and a Marion mare, with two colts, in Tennessee, by Imp. Leviathan, and stinted again to him. Yours, respectfully, FLORIDA.

COLE COUNTY (Mo.) FALL RACES.

COLE COUNTY, Mo., Sept. 11, 1839.

Mr. Porter,—Below I send you an account of the races over the *Woodland Course*, which have just come off.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 11—Purse $——, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Thos. M. Winston's ch. c. *Othello*, by Waxy, dam by Hickory, 3 yrs.	2 1 1
Mr. Joseph Brumly's ch. c. *John Miller*, by Uncas, dam by Sir Peter, 4 yrs.	1 2 2

Time, 3:55—4:00—4:10.

Owing to a root getting stuck in the frog of John Miller's foot in the 1st mile of the 1st heat, which was taken out by his trainer at the end of the 2d heat, the time was slow. The 2d heat was won by Othello in 4:00, hard in hand.

3d heat.—John Miller, in consequence of the starter of Othello not hearing the tap of the drum, got some 200 yards the start, but the Moor soon let loose, and caught John in the first mile, and won the heat by nearly a distance, hard in hand, in 4:10. Othello appeared at the end of this heat in as good order as he did at the close of the 1st. I believe him to possess qualities equal to any colt that ever ran in Missouri.

THURSDAY, Sept. 12—Purse $125, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

E. W. Ward entered b. f. *Louisa Winston*, by Waxy, 4 yrs.
Joseph Brumly entered b. c. *Don Pedro*, by Rowenscroft, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.

This race turned out most singularly. In running the first quarter of the 1st mile on the 1st turn, the horse ran the mare out of the track on the outside against the fence, knocking off her rider, and injuring him seriously, besides ruining the mare as a race nag, one of the leaders of her leg being cut in two during the collision. Notwithstanding this, she soon recovered herself, and made a dash at the horse, who was then one or two hundred yards in advance, passed him, and came home first, without her rider, running the mile in 1:58. Before she could be got to the stable, she was not able to get her foot to the ground. So ends the chapter. JOHN ANDERSON, Proprietor.

Note by the Editor.—The opinion of the editor is asked by the proprietor, as to the disposal of the purse in this case. As he states it in another part of his letter, there was plainly foul-riding on the part of Don Pedro's jockey. Upon a complaint being made to the Judges, and substantiated to their satisfaction, he must then have been declared distanced; the mare was distanced, of course. It is not a usual event, surely, for every horse in a race to be distanced, though the proprietors of race courses might well wish it were, for they of course cannot then be called on to pay over the purse.

Foul-riding may occur without the manifest intention of the jockey so offending. But all depends upon the precise phraseology of the Club.

COLD SPRING RACES.

On Wednesday, for the first time in this vicinity, an effort was made to establish a club on a permanent footing. Several crack nags were in attendance from our own State, and others from Canada. Every thing that was necessary for the accommodation of grooms, horses, &c. had been looked to. The track was somewhat heavy, particularly the back stretch, where the soil was loose and spongy, and therefore very unfavorable for light-limbed animals. Nevertheless the running was very good, the more particularly so when we take into consideration the short time that some of the horses had been in training, and that too during a continued rain.

WEDNESDAY, May 30th, 1838—Purse $100, Two mile heats.

Mr. Mozier's b. h. *Reindeer*	1 1
Mr. Zeeley's gr. f. *Effee*	2 2

Time, 4:14—4:17.

THURSDAY, May 31—Purse $50, Mile heats.

Mr. Zeeley's br. h. *Ploughboy*	1 2 1
Mr. Butcher's ch. f. *Lady Clinton*	2 1 2
Mr. Van Slyk's b. h. *Sir Lovell*	3 3 dist.
Mr. Haight's ch. m. *Fanny Wright*	dist.

Time, 2:00—2:01—2:04.

Splendid running, and closely contested.

FRIDAY, June 1—Purse $150, Three mile heats.

Mr. Butcher's ch. h. *Red Fox*	1
Mr. Zeeley's b. h. *Orphan Boy*	3
Mr. Haight's ch. h. *Lawrie Todd*	2

Time, 6:15—6:06.

At the start, Orphan Boy was the favorite—not so after the first round, as he fell back several lengths, and left Lawrie to contend for the first heat, but it was no use,—Fox was too cute, and he took it by about a length.

Second heat—Fox led off in gallant style, Lawrie following at a prodigious pace, and Orphan Boy trailing along at a convenient distance until coming up on the second round, when he made a dash to get the lead; he then came alongside of Fox, and we thought would get the heat, but when blue jacket had reached the back stretch, he let out and got his odds again. The race now was very interesting—the horses kept lapping each other until they reached the coming-in post, when you might have covered them with a blanket. Fox took it by about a neck.

ble powerful swearing on both sides; but it was clear to him, and he presumed it would be obvious to the jury, that there was a large balance in the major's favor. He then said that he would not detain them longer; and he begged to suggest, that they should be as smart as possible in giving in their verdict, as the gouging case had yet to come on, and it was already half-past four o'clock, and consequently wanted but two hours to supper-time.

Without leaving their seats, the jury returned a verdict of *not guilty*; whereupon the Major got upon his legs, shook hands with the States' Attorney and president judge; and without waiting for any formal dismissal, invited all his friends and witnesses to accompany him down to Colonel Longbore's tavern to take some "bitters;" in the excitement of the moment totally forgetting his agreement with David Drinkwater, and his having put his name to the Temperance pledge.

London Monthly Magazine.

KISSING ONE'S COUSIN.

Well, sir—but here's to us both—from that time forth it became the great object of my life to effect that which I had failed of in my youth; and which my lovely little cousin so provokingly persisted in refusing. Why, sir, we were cousins, and pray, what was there improper in it? Besides, had'nt I been absent five years and more, and now when I returned, and was kissed by them all, uncle, aunt, nurse, down almost to the washerwoman, it was absolutely outrageous that she alone was to stand out and be obstinate. But she was so lovely that I couldn't get angry at her, and, besides, what use would it have been to fume and fret? It was'nt the way to conquer—I'd learnt that anyhow—and it would have been ungallant in the highest.—How should I win? I had but a couple of months to stay, and she was so popular, that all the beaux of the country were thronging in her train. I'd a hard task before me, and it would have disheartened many a one—but *I* had been to the Black Hills and shot buffalo.

There was one of her suitors named Thornton, whom she seemed to like better than the rest; and I must say, during the first month of my visit, she coquetted with him a good deal at my expense. It used to give me a touch of the old flutter, now and then, but I consoled myself, that as I was not in love, there was no sense in being jealous, and, besides, Mr. Thornton's favorable reception had nothing to do with my object. So I took to humming the Blackfoot tune, and teazing my pretty cousin about her favorite lover. You've no idea, sir, what a change it made. She denied it at first, then grew absolutely worried that I wouldn't believe her, and finally showed me a pretty marked preference on every occasion. But I was *only* a cousin, and nobody took any notice of it. Ah! sir, these cousins play the deuce with the girl's hearts! They're always untangling your daughter's silk, or bringing her the last new novel, or plucking her a fresh moss rose, or lifting her over the pebbly little brook; and then, too, you let them take such long walks in the summer twilight—or ride for hours alone in a September afternoon—or sleigh away for miles on the clear, moonlight nights of December, with nothing but themselves for company—and all this time when they are both just budding into life, and fall into love as naturally as I smoke my meerschaum. Egad, sir, I've got daughters myself; and, though I was a quiet young man, I saw a good deal of your love matters,—and let me tell you that no cousin comes palavering about my house, with his flute and his familiarity—for if he does, I'll make up my mind at once to have him for a son-in-law, or else kick the young rascal, neck-and-heels, down the staircase. Cousins, indeed!

It was just such walks I took with Ellen. They were all set down to the score of cousinship, but they were so delicious, that I regretted the time had come for me to depart, and wished that one's cousins could be with one forever. But it was no use, I was'nt worth a copper dollar, and unless I could get some heiress to marry me for pity, I saw no way of living without roughing it through life. I was too proud to trespass on the bounty of my uncle, and had carried it so far as to take my quarters at the village inn. It may be the good old man could see further than I,—he only smiled and shook his head, and left the expostulation to his wife. So it happened that my visit was nearly up. Happy, too happy, had been those months, and my pretty little cousin was the cause of it all. *She*, sweet angel, like all the rest, charged it to our cousinship—but I, at last, began to open my eyes, and half suspected the truth, for I had noticed that my cousin, unconscious to herself, seemed very fond of my presence. I learnt it all by close observation, sir—a faculty I picked up among the Sioux. I once admired a cape on a girl's shoulder—for I do hate your low dresses—and lo! the next day that I saw my pretty cousin, the dear creature had such a modest cape on! I praised the tie of a ribbon carelessly the next afternoon; I declare it's every word true, sir—she met me in the evening with that very fashioned tie. And yet I don't think she was conscious of it. These may seem trifles, my dear sir, but the proudest of us all have seen the day when such little proofs of affection from the one we love, have sent a thrill through every nerve in our frame, and in our ecstasy almost lifted us from the earth. Ah! sir, it don't do to laugh at these trifles,—many a noble, many a monarch would have given his broad lands, his greatest victory, or the finest jewel of his crown, to win such a trifle from the one he loved. I'm wandering—the two months were up—and yet in all this time I hadn't got a kiss from my cousin.

It was the night but one before I was to go away. I determined to make a a last effort. We were sitting by the window and the old folks were next door. My sweet little cousin looked pensive, and doubtless felt so; for though I had been to the Black Hills and shot buffalo, I was somewhat sentimental myself. It was just the night for melting thoughts; and the moon shone tenderly upon the river in the distance, pouring her silvery light like fairy verdure on the distant hills. My pretty cousin sat by my side, and we were talking of my approaching departure.

"I shall be very busy to-morrow, and I don't know whether I shall be able to come here in the evening," said I.

She slowly raised her dark eyes to me, till her very soul seemed pouring out from beneath the long black lashes, and after seeming to look right through me, answered,

"Why not?—you know how glad *we* are to see you."

"Why not?"—said I, a little piqued at the word WE; for, to tell the truth, I half suspected I was in love with my pretty cousin, and had as you know, flattered myself that it was reciprocal. "Why? because I shall be *very* busy,—and besides I heard Thornton ask you the other night to go to P——, to-morrow evening with him—and of course, my pretty coz, you go."

"There goes *that* Thornton again," said she. "I declare you are too provoking—you know what I think of him."

"Ah! but," replied I wickedly, "why make engagements on the night an old school-fellow is going away."

Her gaiety was stopped at once. She hesitated an instant, and then answered,

"I told him I'd give him an answer to-day, and I thought we were all going together—but I'll send him a note declining at once—you know you don't think what you say, cousin."

I laughed it off—and directly rose to depart.

"How *very* soon you are going!" said she in her pretty chiding voice,—and I thought there was something unusually melancholy in its flute-like tones.

"And you're going to kiss me," said I gaily, after a little merry conversation. "Cousins always do it at parting among the Blackfeet."

"Indeed I ain't," said she saucily.

"Indeed you are," said I boldly.

"Indeed, in very deed, Mr. Impertinence, you mistake for once, even though you have shot buffalo at the Black Hills," and she tapped her tiny foot on the floor, and pouted her rich, red lips saucily out, looking for all the world as if about to give me a flash or two of her brilliant repartee. But I was in for it; and I was determined to see whether love and the Black Hills could not conquer reserve and wit. I thought I would try the latter first.

"Isn't it your duty?" said I.

She said nothing, but looked as if doubtful whether I was quizzing or not.

"I can prove it by the Talmud," said I.

A funny smile began to flicker round the corners of her mouth.

"I can establish it, text by text!"

"It indeed!" said she archly, smiling maliciously at my anticipated perplexity. But I was ahead of her.

"Do unto others as you would wish to be done unto—ain't it proved my pretty coz!"

"Well, really, you deserve something for your wit, and more for your impudence—you're quite a logician—did you learn that too at the Black Hills?" and her eyes danced as she answered me.

I saw I was no match for her in wit, so I betook myself to my other ground.

"Well—good bye, coz?"

"*So* early!"

"Early!" and I began to pull on my gloves.

"You'll be here to-morrow night, won't you?" said she, persuasively.

"Do you really wish it?"

"How can you doubt it?" said she, warmly.

"But how I shall interrupt a tete-a-tete with Mr. Thornton," said I, teasingly.

"Pshaw! Mr. Thornton, again," said she, pettishly.

There was a moment's silence, and at its end came a low, half-suppressed sigh. I began to think I was on the right track.

"You won't grant my favor!—if now it was to mend Mr. Thornton's glove—"

"It's too provoking—" she burst out in her old mood, but directly added, in a pensive tone, "how can you think I care so for him?"

"How can I!—you do fifty things for him you wouldn't do for me."

"Cousin!"

"I ask you for the smallest favor—I take one for a sample, and you refuse—you are a very unfair cousin," and I took her hand.

"Why?" said she, lifting her dark eye till its gaze met mine. It thrilled me in every nerve. "Why?" and her voice shook a little.

"Because you never do anything I ask you to."

"Indeed I do!" said she earnestly.

"I wish I could think so," said I pensively.

We were standing by the window, and I thought her hand trembled as I spoke, but she only turned away her head with a sigh, and without speaking, gazed out upon the lawn. At another time, perhaps, she would have listened to my language differently; but I was going away, perhaps forever, and it made her so pensive. Yet she did not know her own feelings. Something told her to grant my boon; it was but a trifle; it seemed so foolish to hesitate; but then something whispered to her that she ought not to do it. But then it would be so reserved and uncousinly to refuse; and might I not be justly offended at her prudery? What could she do? I could hear her breathe, and see her snowy bosom heave, as she held her taper finger in a puzzle to her mouth. The conflict was going on between love and reserve; and yet poor little girl! she knew it not!

"And you really won't come to-morrow night, without—without—" she paused and blushed; while the low, soft, half-reproachful tone in which she spoke,—softer than an angel's softest whisper,—smote me to the heart, and almost made me repent my determination. But then it was so pretty to see her look perplexed!

"Ellen," said I, as if hurt, "I am serious—you don't think I'd trifle with you—but I never before tried to test how true were the professions of those I loved—if one is thus bitterly deceived, I care not to try again," and half letting go her hand, I turned partially away.

For a second she did not answer, but she looked upon the ground. Directly a cloud came over the moon, and just as the whole room was buried in sudden shadow, I heard a sigh that seemed to come from the bottom of my little cousin's heart; I felt a breath like a zephyr steal across my face, and—what's the use of denying it?—I had conquered. But a hot tear drop was on my face; and, as I pressed her hand more warmly than became a cousin, a sudden revulsion of feelings came across her, the true secret of her delicacy flashed like sunlight upon her mind, and feeling how utterly she had betrayed herself, her head fell upon my shoulder, and I heard her sob. My heart stung me—vain, ungenerous sinner that I was—and I would have given worlds to have saved her that one moment of agony. But in another instant came the consciousness that I loved her. We spoke no word, we whispered no vow, but as I felt how pure a heart I had won, a gush of holy feeling swept across my soul, and putting my arm gently around her, I drew her to me as softly as a mother embraces her first-born babe. That moment I shall never forget. She ceased to sob, but she did not as yet look up. It might have been five minutes, or it might have been half an hour—I could keep no measure of time. At last, I said softly—"Ellen!"

"Will you come to-morrow night?" whispered she, lifting her dark eyes timidly from my shoulder.

"How can I refuse, dearest?" said I, kissing the tears from her long lashes. * * *

"Well, what followed, Jeremy?"

Whiff—Whiff.

"What followed?—for heaven's sake, tell us!"

"What?"

"Yes!"

"Why, a Mrs. Jeremy Short, to be sure."

The Casket.

MISTHER TERENCE O'ROURKE,

Ballypuddle, Ireland.

NEW ORLEANS, Lousyanna.

Swate Ted, I've bin sick, but now I'm a dale betther,
But my feet an my cranyum wid plasthers is spread,
Sure I dhramed 'twas shillela had done all the matther,
An' kept jumpin' to look on the top iv my head,
Sure I jumpt like a nit,
But the devil a bit
Could I see, though I thought 'twas my brains had all split
An' I'm murdher'd, an' kilt, an' scarce able to spake,
Wid a rascally faver I was took wid last week.

'Twas last fourth iv July, on St. Washintub's day,
(He's this counthry's St. Pathrick) we had a nate shindy,
By my sowl, but shillelas and brickbats did play!
An' we shuv'd a big Merrikin out in a windy.
An' two nagurs we bate
In St. Poydras's strate,
An' I thin giv the *byes* a most iligant trate,
Wid an iligant toorkey for dinnher,
(He was atin a cow whin I kilt him, the sinner!)

Och! I'm glad ye're comin to Merriky, Teddy,
We'll tache thim, the blaggards to prache a "*repale*;"
Sure O'Flanagan More is a nathive already;
Kiss yer sleeve whin ye swear, an' ye'll pass, I'll go bail.
Faix, Teddy, I vow
If yer pig an' yer cow
Ud' come here, they'd make 'em a Merrikins now,
Anything wid two legs, if the craythur's byt *white*,
Sure they'd make it their counthryman nathive outright.

Faix, these nathives is proud, an' bad scran to their sowls,
As a weechy young pig wid his tail in a curl,
An' they think they've the finest young counthry that rouls;
Tell 'em no, an' they'll spit like a mop in a whirl,
But whin ye collogue,
Give 'em blarney an' brogue,
An' they'll niver sispect yer a bit iv a rogue,
But they'll giv ye their hand, an' their home, an' their "*vote*,"
Sure, they'd take off their breeches to make ye a coat.

An' they boast! There's the house what they call a hothel,
Wid a pow'r iv big posts an' a thatch like a ball,
An' they say 'twas the Merrikins bilt it so well—
Sure it niver was bilt in this counthry at all.
An' the cannals an' roads,
Full iv big snakes an' toads,
They was bilt by ourselves an' the mules wid their loads,
An' that big Massaspi-pi-i—bedad, I can't rade it—
Musha, Teddy, I'm sartin 'twas Irishmans made it.

But in spite iv their pride in their counthry an' blood,
Sure they think the best nathive come over the say,
An' an Irishman, jist from Dundergguddy mud,
Faix, Teddy, he's tin times more betther nor they.
It 'ud be a nate plan
To disthrone Misther Van,
An' sind over to call our great pathriot Dan,
He's the *bye* for bewitchin 'em—faith but he'd chate 'em.
Erin go *Bragh*.

N. O. Native American.

PHALIM MCMURTOGH.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM AND THE TOURNAMENT.

The following letter from our old friend Mrs. Ramsbottom, appeared in the last number of John Bull:—

TO JOHN BULL.

Briton, August 13, 1839.

DEAR B.—Almost ever since you sot up your Pepper, I have from time to time promisquisly corresponded with you, but have been told that you only pot me into your sheets to expose the forts of my cackhography, I have sot myself to work to studdy the entomology of the English language, and did not mean to rite any more to you till I was well brushed up; but I cannot help just scribbling a line or so to ask you if you are going to see the Tourniquet at Lord Heglantines in Scotland—because four of us, is, and we should be glad if we were to meet you. We mean to go by ralerod, which is the only way of travailing now; if it was not for not being able to stop if you want, and the being locked in, and the noise of the hingen, and the smell of the smock from the chimley, and the ile and the rattlin, and the not being hable to see nothing of the country, hand the danger of being blowed up or knocked off the rales, I do think hit wood be perfict.

However, my two youngest are mad for the Tourniquet, and so we are goen—it is a long whey, but it must be a fine site. The gentlemen who is to act the Nights are to have their bodies in the mail and their heads in casks, with lancets in their hands, and to poke at one another under a tilt, every one being in what the French calls his "*amour propre*," which means his proper amour. and all entered in lists so as you may know them the minute you sees them.—The lancets is like little bed-postesses, and are sord threw here and there as to split in a minuet if they comes aginst a gentlemen's cask, and all the ring is to be cuffered just like Hashley's with sordust uncle deep, so as the Knights may not hurt themselves when they tumble off their charges, which in coarse they will do when they shams being killed.

As for the ladies, they are to be dressed in the costume of huther dais—there es to be a Blanche of Cast steel, and a Nimny in Clothes, a Catharine of Medicine, a Magaret of Aunt shoe, Hannah Cleave, Joany farck, the Puzzle d'Orlines, and Whittington's wife, which was a mare in London a hundred years ago, and kept a cat. And they are to ware roughs and farthingales and jeled shoose, all of wich will look bootiful in the sonshine. Hand they hare to beat chops and sticks for breakfast, and drink hail jist as they did in the time of Queen Buss, wich was the fust has brote in heating of goose on Mickmas day, because hof haven bitten the Spanish Armadillo of Tillberry Fort.

Hand this great site is to last three days, and as many Nights as has not been poked to death with the bed-postesses is to fight to the last, and so finish with a ball and a sopper, when him as has broke most casks, with his bed-post, is to git a crown for his truble from the Queen of Booty, which, considering how ard he will ave to wuck for three daies, hisn't much—but I spose Lord Heglantine will make it up a sufferen to him before he goes away.

Let me know if you shall be there—we go to the Mephistopholis hon Tuesday, and start Saterday or Munday. I am not shewer whether there is a ralerode handy for Scotland yit, but we leaves this Tuesday at one, so we shall be in town long before—

"Pybus sinketh in the west,"

as the song says, and can make enquires according. Direct to the old place; and believe me,

Yours truly,
DOROTHEA L. RAMSBOTTOM.

Put that in your Pipe and Smoke it.—Among the cases in the Boston police court we notice one of a man who was arrested and fined two dollars and costs for smoking in the street.

Picayune.

CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

A REMINISCENCE.

Alas! and alas! there is no infatuation like the taste of flirtation—mere empty, valueless, heartless flirtation. You hide the dice-box and the billiard queue, lest your son become a gambler—you put aside the racing calendar, lest he imbibe a jockey predilection—but you never tremble at his fondness for white muslin and a satin slipper, far more dangerous tastes though they be, and infinitely more perilous to a man's peace and prosperity than all the "queen of trumps" that ever figured, whether on pasteboard or the Doncaster. "Woman's my weakness, yer honor," said an honest Patlander, on being charged, before the lord mayor, with having four wives living; and without any such Algerine act upon my conscience, I must, I fear, enter a somewhat similar plea for my downfallings, and avow, in humble gratitude, that I have scarcely had a misfortune through life unattributable to them in one way or another. And this I say without any reference to country, class, or complexion, "black, brown, or fair," from my first step forth into life, a raw sub. in the gallant 4—th, to this same hour, I have no other avowal, no other confession to make. "Be always ready with the pistol," was the dying advice of an Irish statesman to his sons; mine, in a similar circumstance, would rather be, "*Gardez vous des femmes*," and more especially if they be Irish.

There is something almost treacherous in the facility with which an Irish girl receives your early attentions, and appears to like them, that invariably turns a young fellow's head very long before he has any prospect of touching *her* heart. She thinks it so natural to be made love to, that there is neither any affected coyness, nor any agitated surprise. She listens to your declaration of love as quietly as the chief justice would to one of law, and refers the decision to a packed jury of her relatives, who rarely recommend you to mercy. Love and fighting, too, are so intimately united in Ireland, that a courtship rarely progresses without at least one exchange of shots between some of the parties concerned. My first twenty-fours in Dublin is so pleasantly characteristic of this that I may as well relate it here, while the subject is before us; besides, as these "Confessions" are intended as warnings and guides to youth, I may convey a useful lesson, showing why a man should not "make love in the dark."

It was upon a raw, cold, drizzling morning in February, 18—, that our regiment landed on the North-wall from Liverpool, whence we had been hurriedly ordered to repress some riots and disturbances then agitating Dublin.

We marched to the Royal Barracks, our band playing Patrick's Day to the very considerable admiration of as naked a population as ever loved music. The —th dragoons were at the same time quartered there—right pleasant, jovial fellows, who soon gave us to understand that the troubles were over before we arrived, and that the great city authorities were now returning thanks for their preservation from fire and sword, by a series of entertainments of the most costly, but somewhat incongruous, kind—the company being scarcely less *mêlée* than the dishes. Peers and play-actors, judges and jailors, archbishops, tailors, attorneys, ropemakers, and apothecaries, all uniting in the festive delight of good feeding, and drinking the "glorious memory"—but of whom half the company knew not, only surmising "it was something agin the papists." You may smile, but these were pleasant times, and I scarcely care to go back there since they were change. But ro return. The —th had just received an invitation to a ball, to be given by the high sheriff, and to which they most considerately said we should also be invited. This negociation was so well managed that before noon we all received our cards from the hands of a green-liveried youth, mounted on a very emaciated poney—the whole turn-out not auguring flatteringly of the high sheriff's taste in equipage.

We dined with the —th, and, as customary before going to an evening party, took the "other bottle" of claret that lies beyond the frontier of prudence. In fact, from the lieutenant-colonel down to the newly-joined ensign, there was not a face in the party that did not betray "signs of the times" that boded most favorably for the mirth of the sheriff's ball. We were so perfectly up to the mark, that our major, a Connemara man, said, as we left the mess-room, "a liqueur glass would spoil us."

In this acmé of our intellectual wealth, we started about eleven o'clock upon every species of conveyance that chance could press into the service. Of hackney coaches there were few—but in jingles, noddies, and jaunting-cars, with three on a side and "one in the well," we mustered strong—down Barrack-street we galloped—the mob cheering us, we laughing, and I'm afraid shouting a little, too—the watchmen springing their rattles, as if instinctively at noise, and the whole population up and awake, evidently entertaining a high opinion of our convivial qualities. Our voices became gradually more decorous, however, as we approached the more civilized quarter of the town; and with only the slight stoppage of the procession to pick up an occasional dropper off, as he lapsed from the seat of a jaunting-car, we arrived at length at our host's residence, somewhere in Sackville-street.

Had our advent conferred the order of knighthood upon the host, he could not have received us with more "*empressement*." He shook us all in turn by the hand, to the number of eight and thirty, and then presented us *seriatim* to his spouse, a very bejewelled lady of some forty years—who, what between bugles, feathers, and her turban, looked excessively like a Chinese pagoda upon a saucer. The rooms were crowded to suffocation—the noise awful—and the company crushing and elbowing rather a little more than you expect where the moiety are of the softer sex. However, "*ou s'habitue a tout*," sayeth the proverb, and with truth, for we all so perfectly fell in with the habits of the place, that ere half an hour we squeezed, ogled, leered, and drank champagne like the rest of the corporation.

"Devilish hot work, this," said the colonel, as he passed me with two rosy cheeked, smiling ladies on either arm; "the mayor—that little fellow in the punch-colored shorts—has very nearly put me *hors de combat* with champagne; take care of him, I advise you."

Tipsy as I felt myself, I was yet sufficiently clear to be fully alive to the drollery of the scene before me. Flirtations that, under other circumstances, would demand all the secresy and solitude of a country green lane, or some garden bower, were here conducted in all the open effrontery of wax lights and lustres; looks were interchanged; hands were squeezed; soft things whispered, and smiles returned; till the intoxication of "punch negus" and spiced port, gave way to the far greater one of bright looks and tender glances. Quadrilles and country dances—waltzing there was none, (perhaps all for the best)—whist, back-gammon, loo—unlimited for uproar—sandwiches, and warm liquors, employed us pretty briskly till supper was announced, when a grand squeeze took place on the stairs—the population tending thitherward with an eagerness that a previous starvation of twenty-four hours could alone justify. Among this dense mass of moving muslin, velvet, and broad cloth, I found myself chaperoning an extremely tempting little damsel, with a pair of laughing blue eyes and dark lashes, who had been committed to my care and guidance for the passage.

"Miss Moriarty, Mr. Lorrequer," said an old lady in green and spangles, who I afterwards found was the lady mayoress.

"The nicest girl in the room," said a gentleman with a Tipperary accent, "and has a mighty nice place near Athlone."

The hint was not lost upon me, and I speedily began to *faire l'amiable* to my charge; and before we reached the supper-room, learned certain particulars of her history, which I have not yet forgot. She was, it seems, sister to a lady then in the room, the wife of an attorney, who rejoiced in the pleasing and classical appellation of Mr. Mark Anthony Fitzpatrick; the aforesaid Mark Anthony being a tall, raw-boned, black-whiskered, ill-looking dog, that from time to time contrived to throw very uncomfortable looking glances at me and Mary Anne, for she was so named, the whole time of supper. After a few minutes, I totally forgot him, and, indeed, every thing else, in the fascination of my fair companion

She shared her chair with me, upon which I supported her by my arm passed round the back; we eat our pickled salmon, jelly, blanc mange, cold chicken, ham, and custard, off the same plate, with an occasional squeeze of the finger, as our hands met,—her eyes making sad havock with me all the while, as I poured my tale of love—love, lasting, burning, all-consuming—into her not unwilling ear.

"Ah! now, yer not in earnest!"

"Yes, Mary Anne, by all that's"——

"Well, there now, don't swear, and take care—sure Mark Anthony is looking."

"Mark Anthony be ——"

"Oh! how passionate you are; I'm sure I never could live easy with you. There, now, give me some sponge cake, and don't be squeezing me, or they'll see you."

"Yes, to my heart, dearest girl."

"Och, it's cheese you were giving me," said she, with a grimace that nearly cured my passion.

"A cottage, a hut, with you—with *you*," said I, in a cadence that I defy Macready to rival—"what is worldly splendour, or the empty glitter of rank."

I here glanced at my epaulettes, upon which I saw her eyes rivetted.

"Isn't the ginger beer beautiful," said she, emptying a glass of champagne.

Still I was not to be roused from my trance, and continued my courtship as warmly as ever.

"I suppose you'll come home *now*," said a gruff voice behind Mary Anne.

I turned and perceived Mark Anthony, with a grim look of very peculiar import.

"Oh! Mark, dear, I'm engaged to dance another set with this gentleman."

"Ye are, are ye?" replied Mark, eyeing me askance. "Troth and I think the gentleman would be better if he went off to his flea-bag himself."

In my then mystified intellect this west country synonyme for a bed a little puzzled me.

"Yes, sir, the lady is engaged to *me:* have you any thing to say to that?"

"Nothing at present, at all," said Mark, almost timidly.

"Oh dear, oh dear," sobbed Mary Anne; "they're going to fight, and he'll be killed—I know he will."

For which of us this fate was destined, I stopped not to consider, but taking the lady under my arm, elbowed my way to the drawing-room, amid a very sufficient patting upon the back, and thumping between the shoulders, bestowed by members of the company who approved of my proceedings. The three fiddles, the flute, and bassoon, that formed our band, being by this time sufficiently drunk, played after a fashion of their own, which, by one of those strange sympathies of our nature, imparted its influence to our legs, and a country dance was performed in a style of free and easy gesticulation that defies description.—At the end of eighteen couple, tired of my exertions—and they were not slight—I leaned my back against the wall of the room, which I now, for the first time, perceived was covered with a very peculiar and novel species of hanging—no less than a kind of rough green baize cloth, that moved and floated at every motion of the air. I paid little attention to this, till suddenly turning my head, something gave way behind it. I felt myself struck upon the back of the neck, and fell forward into the room, covered by a perfect avalanche of fenders, fire-irons, frying-pans, and copper kettles, mingled with the lesser artillery of small nails, door keys, and boldfasts. There I lay, amid the most vociferous mirth I ever listened to, under the confounded torrent of ironmongery that half-stunned me. The laughter over, I was assisted to rise, and having drank about a pint of vinegar, and had my face and temples washed in strong whiskey punch—the allocation of the fluids being mistaken. I learned that our host, the high sheriff, was a celebrated tin and iron man, and that his *salles de reception* were no less than his magazine of metals, and that to conceal the well-filled shelves from the gaze of his aristocratic guests, they were clothed in the manner related; which my unhappy head, by some misfortune, displaced, and thus brought on a calamity scarcely less afflicting to him than to myself. I should scarcely have stopped to mention this here, were it not that Mary Anne's gentle nursing of me in my misery went far to complete what her fascination had begun; and although she could not help laughing at the occurrence, I forgave her readily for her kindness.

"Remember," said I, trying to ogle through a black eye, painted by the angle of a register grate—"remember, Mary Anne, I am to see you home."

"Oh! dear, sir, sure I don't know how you can manage it——"

Here Mark Anthony's entrance cut short her speech, for he came to declare that some of the officers had taken his coach, and was, as might be supposed, in a towering passion.

"If, sir," said I, with an air of the most balmy courtesy, "If I can be of any use in assisting you to see your friends home——"

"Ah! then, ye'r a nice looking article to see ladies home. I wish you seen yourself this minute," said he.

As I felt it would be no breach of the unities—time, place, and every thing considered—to smash his skull; I should certainly have proceeded to do so, had not a look of the most imploring kind from Mary Anne restrained me. By this time he had taken her under his arm, and was leading her away. I stood irresolute, till a glance from my charmer caught me; when I rallied at once, and followed them down stairs; here the scene was to the full as amusing as above. The cloaking, shawling, shoeing, &c., of the ladies being certainly as mirth-moving a process as I should wish to see. Here were mothers trying to collect their daughters, as a hen her chickens, and, as in that case, the pursuit of one usually lost all the others; testy papas swearing, lovers leering, as they twis ed the boas round the fair throats of their sweethearts; vows of love, mingling with complaints for a lost slipper, or a stray mantle. Sometimes the candles were extinguished, and the *melee* became greater till order and light were restored together. Meanwhile, all of our fellows had secured his fair one, save myself, and I was exposed to no small ridicule for my want of *savoir faire*. Nettled by this, I made a plunge to the corner of the room, where Mary Anne was shawling; I recognised her pink sash, threw her cloak over her shoulders, and at the very moment that Mark Anthony drew his wife's arm within his, I performed the same by *my* friend, and followed them to the door. Here, the grim brother-in-law turned round to take Mary Anne's arm, and seeing her with me, merely gave a kind of hoarse chuckle, and muttered, "Very well, sir: upon my conscience, you *will* have it I see." During this brief interval, so occupied was I in watching him, that I never once looked in my fair friend's face; but the gentle squeeze of her arm, as she leaned upon me, assured me that I had her approval of what I was doing.

What were the precise train of my thoughts, and what the subjects of conversation between us, I am unfortunately now unable to recall. It is sufficient, I remember, that I could not believe five minutes had elapsed, when we arrived at York-street.

"Then you confess you love me," said I, as I squeezed her arm to my side.

"Then, by this kiss," said I, "I swear never to relinquish"——

What I was about to add, I am sure I know not; but true it is, that a certain smacking noise here attracted Mr. Mark Anthony's attention, who started round, looked us full in the face, and then gravely added—

"Enough is as good as a feast. I wish you pleasant drames, Mr. Larry Kar, if that's your name; and you'll hear from me in the morning."

"I intend it," said I. "Good night, dearest; think of ——." The slam of the street door in my face spoiled the peroration, and I turned towards home.

By the time I reached the barracks, the united effects of champagne, sherry, and ironmongery, had, in a good measure, subsided, and my head had become sufficiently clear to permit a slight retrospect of the evening's amusement.

From two illusions I was at last awakened:—First, the high sheriff's ball was *not* the most accurate representation of high society; secondly, I was *not* deeply enamoured of Mary Anne Moriarty. Strange as it may seem, and how little the apparent connexion between those two facts, the truth of one had a considerable influence in deciding the other. *N'importe*, said I, the thing is over; it was rather good fun, too, upon the whole—saving the "chute des casseroles;" and as to the lady, she must have seen it was a joke as well as myself. At least, so I am decided it shall be; and as there was no witness to our conversation, the thing is easily got out of.

The following day, as I was dressing to ride out, my servant announced no less a person than Mr. Mark Anthony Fitzpatrick, who said, "That he came upon a little business, and must see me immediately."

Mr. Fitzpatrick, upon being announced, speedily opened his negociation by asking, in very terse and unequivocal phrase, my intentions regarding his sister-in-law. After professing the most perfect astonishment at the question, and its possible import, I replied, that she was a most charming person, with whom I intended to have nothing whatever to do.

"And may be you never proposed for her at the ball last night?"

"Propose for a lady at a ball the first time I ever met her!"

"Just so. Can you carry your memory so far back? or, perhaps, I had better refresh it;" and he here repeated the whole substance of my conversation on the way homeward, sometimes in the very words I used.

"But, my dear Sir, the young lady could never have supposed I used such language as this you have repeated?"

"So, then you intend to breck off? Well, then, it's right to tell you that you're in a very ugly scrape, for it was my wife you took home last night—not Miss Moriarty; and I leave you to choose at your leisure whether you'd rather be defendant in a suit for breach of promise or seduction; and, upon my conscience, I think it's civil in me to give you a choice."

What a pretty disclosure was here! So that while I was imagining myself squeezing the hand and winning the heart of the fair Mary Anne, I was merely making a case of strong evidence for a jury, that might expose me to the world, and half ruin me in damages. There was but one course open—to make a fight for it; and from what I saw of my friend Mark Anthony this did not seem difficult.

I accordingly assumed a high tone—laughed at the entire affair—said it was a "way we had in the army"—that "we never meant any thing by it," &c. &c.

In a few minutes I perceived the bait was taking. Mr. Fitzpatrick's west country blood was up: all thought of the legal resource was abandoned, and he flung out of the room to find a friend, I having given him the name of "one of ours" as mine upon the occasion.

Very little time was lost, for before three o'clock that afternoon a meeting was fixed for the following morning, at the North Bull; and I had the satisfaction of hearing that I only escaped the malignan eloquence of Holmes in the King's Bench, to be "blazed" at by the best shot on the western circuit. The thought was no way agreeable, and I indemnified myself for the scrape by a very satisfactory anathema upon the high sheriff and his ball, and his confounded saucepans, for to the lady's sympathy for my sufferings I attributed much of my folly.

At eight the next morning, I found myself standing with Curzon and the doctor upon that bleak portion of her majesty's dominion they term the North Bull, waiting in a chilly rain, and a raw fog, till it pleased Mark Anthony Fitzpatrick to come and shoot me—such being the precise terms of our combat, in the opinion of all parties. The time, however, passed on, and half past eight, three quarters, and at last nine o'clock, without his appearing; when, just as Waller had resolved upon our leaving the ground, a hack jaunting-car was seen driving at full speed along the road near us. It came nearer, and at length drew up; two men leaped off, and came towards us; one of whom, as he came forward, took his hat off, politely, and introduced himself as Mr. O'Gorman, the fighting friend of Mark Anthony.

"It's a mighty unpleasant business I'm come upon, gentlemen," said he.—"Mr. Fitzpatrick has been unavoidably prevented from having the happiness to meet you this morning——"

"Then you can't expect us, sir, to dance attendance upon him here to-morrow," said Curzon, interrupting.

"By no manner of means," replied the other, placidly; "for it would be equally inconvenient for him to be here then. But I have only to say, that as I'm here for my friend, and know all the particulars of the case, maybe you'd have the kindness to waive all etiquette, and let me stand in his place."

"Certainly and most decidedly not," said Curzon. "Waive etiquette!—why, sir, we have no quarrel with you; never saw you before."

"Well, now, isn't this hard?" said Mr. O'Gorman, addressing his friend, who stood by, with a pistol-case under his arm; but I told Mark that I was sure they'd be standing on punctilio, for they were English. Well, sir," said he, turning towards Curzon, "there's but one way to arrange it now, that I see. Mr. Fitzpatrick, you must know, was arrested this morning for a trifle of £140. If you or your friend there will join us in the bail, we can get him out, and he'll fight you in the morning to your satisfaction."

When the astonishment this proposal created had subsided, we assured Mr O'Gorman that we were noways disposed to pay such a price for our "menus plaisirs"—a fact that seemed considerably to surprise both him and his friend—and adding, that to Mr. Fitzpatrick, personally, we should feel bound to hold ourselves pledged at a future period, we left the ground, Curzon laughing heartily at the original expedient thus suggested, and I inwardly pronouncing a most glowing eulogy upon the law of imprisonment for debt.

Before Mr. Fitzpatrick obtained the benefit of the act, we were ordered abroad, and I have never since heard of him.

[Dublin University Magazine, for August, 1839.]

THE BELLMANSHIP.

A TRUE STORY.

Chapter I.

"The course of true love never did run smooth." Didn't it? Let any man look round him for a single moment, and he will see how unfounded and absurd is this observation of Mr. William Shakspeare. Pray, what was there to hinder the equable flow of the true love of your neighbor, Mr. Bibbs, and his fat wife? Was there any objection on the part of parents!—any trouble from rivals!—or even any delay about pin-money and settlements? Not a vestige of any of these things. In the course of the accustomed number of months they were fairly and legally married, without a single ripple on the stream of their courtship, and have been a pattern-couple, without quarrels, disagreements, or misunderstandings of any kind whatever, for twenty or thirty years. But you say, perhaps, their love is not *true* love. Isn't it? I grant *he* wrote no sonnets; *she* never thought of suicide; *he* never mentioned a dagger to her in his life; and I have no reason to believe that *she*, even at her first ball, considered Mr. Bibbs an angel. But their love was true enough for all that—a good, solid, substantial love, fitted for all weathers, ballasted with a good deal of plain sense, and not without a glance of affectionate regard to the comforts of a well-spread table, easy-hung four-wheeled carriage, and pretty little income of eight or nine hundred a-year. This is *my* definition of true love. If you prefer Shakspeare's account of it, and consider no love worth having that is not accompanied with woes and accidents, quarrels among friends, and other accessories, I beg to say you have not made such use of your powers of observation as you ought to have done, or you would have found out long ago that such loves as those are never lasting. And this, I take it, is the reason that authors of novels generally close their stories with a description of the wedding. If they continued their labors, how different would be the scene! Waverley and Rose Bradwardine flying to Boulogne for debt; Henry Morton and Edith Bellenden separated from incompatibility of temper; not to mention the celebrated divorce case before the House of Lords, "Reginald Dalton *v.* Cyril Thornton!" Will no person of an enquiring turn of mind give us a postnuptial account of all the heroes and heroines who have excited our interest so intensely? It would put a good deal of romance to flight, and teach us the great and useful lesson, that people may be just as happily married in the good old-fashioned way—bridemaids, marriage favors, and wedding cake—as if they nearly broke their necks jumping out of up-stairs windows, and hurrying off to Gretna Green. But, mercy upon us! we have got into such a prodigious passion with love matches, and sighing, and dying, that we have forgotten the main object with which we began this paper whice was to give notice to the reader that, if in this eventful history he finds difficulties thrown in the way of the hero and the heroine, he is not to imagine that those difficulties prove that their love was one whit more sincere than if all had gone "gaily as a marriage bell," from the first agony of popping the question to the last extremity of putting on the ring. No—it certainly did so happen that in this one particular instance the course of true love was occasionally somewhat rough; but it by no means follows that the roughness was the cause of the love being true, or that the truth of the love was the cause of the course of it being rough. So much for Shakspeare—and now for John Plantagenet Simpkinson.

The labors of the Statistical Society, I suppose, have left very few people in ignorance that ours is a borough town, though the inhabitants have not the inestimable privilege of hating each other on principles of the purest patriotism once every three or four years, when some soaring squire or plethoric manufacturer is ambitious of a seat in Parliament; by which periphrasis I would have it understood, that we return no member, albeit we have a mayor and corporation, a town-hall and lock-up house, and other visible signs of corporate dignity.

Cast your eye, oh reader! "through the dim vista of departed years," and it is highly probably, if you look sharp, you will see a youthful couple seated under the elm-trees at the west-end of the flourishing town of Buzzleton, on the fourth day of June, eighteen hundred and thirty-seven. I cannot take it upon me positively to affirm that the lady was "beautful exceedingly," or that she had the slightest appearance of being a native of a "far countrie;" for it was impossible to suppose for a moment that those bright, cherry-looking lips, rosy-colored cheeks, and mild happy blue eyes, belonged, by possibility, to any one but a nice modest English girl of eighteen or nineteen. Nor would it be safe to delude the reader into an improper sympathy with the hero, by hinting that he had the slightest resemblance to those "whiskered pandours and those fierce hussars," who make such a tremendous sensation in novels of fashionable life. No one could ever have fancied him a Hungarian magnate, or Polish prince, or even a German baron; for the fat county of Suffolk was visible in every feature of the object of my description. A brown surtout with black buttons, thrown loosely back, showed a considerable extent of a fancy-colored waistcoat, for the interesting individual—(but why keep up a vain mystery, which the accomplished reader has penetrated long ago!—it was Simpkinson, junior, himself—in short, John Plantagenet Simpkinson, sitting *tete-à-tete* with Mary Padden)—for the interesting individual—as I was going to say when this parenthesis interrupted me—rejoiced in a vast expanse of chest, of which he was a little conceited; though candour at the same time compels me to admit, that the ample "breadth and verge enough," which was so becoming, and indeed heroic, as revealed by the aforesaid fancy-colored waistcoat, extended itself considerably below the point at which it ought to have grown "fine by degrees, and beautifully less," and constituted altogether a stout, square-built young man, with every appearance of health and strength, but none of that stiff-necked noodleism which the French people and English milliners call an air *distingué*. You will perhaps ask why this jolly, good-humored looking young gentleman had such a magnificent name as Plantagenet; but I submit that that is a question more properly directed to his godfathers and godmothers than to me; but, at the same time, if you merely ask for information, and with no sinister intention, I will only mention to you that his father was the most eloquent man in our parish, and rejoiced in long words. Now, as Plantagenet is a name, you will observe, of four syllables, whereas Stubbs is only of one, you will at once see a *primâ facie* reason why the royal denomination was preferred, and the name of the maternal uncle—Mr. Stubbs, the opulent brewer in Chadfield—for this occasion rejected. This is my opinion; but of course you are at liberty to devise any other reason for it that may be more agreeable to yourself.

We are not to suppose that the couple I have now introduced to you sat silent all this time, merely because I have not yet given you any account of their conversation; for it is a circumstance well known to our whole town that Miss Padden had a total aversion to the absurd doctrines of the Pythagoreans, so far as their silence was concerned, and in fact lost no opportunity of practising the divine faculty of speech. She spoke very well and prettily, and there can be no doubt that such beautiful lips and interesting blue eyes would have made very inferior language pass off for eloquence, at all events in the opinion of Mr. Simpkinson, junior.

"So you are going off to-morrow, Tadgy?" (And here, oh reader, in another parenthesis, let me call your attention to the endearing diminutive "Tadgy"—short for Plantagenet! To what vile uses may we come, Horatio!)

"Yes," said Tadgy, with a mournful shake of the head.

"Oh it must be such a pretty place that London, with Hyde Park and Almack's, and Westminster Abbey, and Madame Tussaud. How I envy you all the sights! Ain't you happy, Tadgy?"

"No," replied the youth, "I would rather stay at Buzzleton, and be near you, Polly."

"Your servant, Mister Plantagenet," said the young lady, gently withdrawing her hand from the clasp of the sentimental swain—but whether from coquetry, or propriety, or to preserve a new white kid glove, I will not undertake to determine—"I wasn't fishing for a compliment, I assure you."

"But it is no compliment, Polly—it is only the truth; and why shouldn't I be sorry to leave Buzzleton? There will be no nice walks like this, nor listening to your songs, nor talking of what's to happen."

"When?" interrupted Miss Padden.

"Why, when your father and mine think we are sensible. Now, don't pretend, Polly—for this is our last day together, and I want to hear you tell me again seriously and solemnly that you will keep constant for the two years, and marry me at the end."

"Shall we be sensible then, Tadgy?" enquired the lady, looking archly at the earnest face of her admirer.

"Father says so," was the reply, and in a tone that showed that that awful authority would have secured Mr. Plantagenet's credence to a still more wonderful event.

"We ought to be much obliged to our fathers," said the young lady, "for guaranteeing such a reformation; but, indeed, Tadgy, the chance of changing your mind is all on your side. You will see such designing people at Almack's and Vauxhall, and——"

"Never trouble yourself about designing people, dear Polly; write to me every week, and I am to come down every half year for three weeks, we shall do almost as well as if we met."

"And you will write faithfully, and think of me always?" said Mary, in a voice from which all liveliness had disappeared.

Mr. Pantagenet Simpkinson again laid his hand upon the pretty little white kid glove, which this time was not withdrawn, and looking in the sweet blue eyes which I have already mentioned, said—

"Won't I?—that's all."

Miss Padden seemed quite as satisfied with this declaration as if it had been made in the words of fire upon the bended knee; and I do not feel myself at liberty to give any account of what was said on either side for at least ten minutes. At the end of that time an individual was seen walking towards them at the other extremity of the alley.

"Here's that horrid boy, Bob," said Mary, looking somewhat displeased.

"Infernal troublesome fool!" muttered Mr. Plantagenet, "I should like to kick him into the river"

Chapter II

The enquiring reader is anxious to be informed who and what was Bob. Bob was Mary's younger brother, and the most disagreeable detestable boy that ever was known in Buzzleton. Those who had studied *Gulliver's Travels* called him the Yahoo; those who trusted only to their own sense of fitness in the art of nomenclature called him the Beast. But this, being a generic name, was varied by the more acute disciples of Buffon, by referring him to any particular species which appeared appropriate to his peculiar qualities—the ass, the owl, the ostrich, the baboon, and a variety of other respectable citizens of the animal kingdom, were called upon furnish a designation for Mr. Robert Padden; and it was this amalgam of Mr. Polito's menagerie that caused such a disagreeable sensation by his appearance in the elm walk, and excited a strong inclination in the usually pacific bosom of Plantagenet to drown him in the deep waters of the Buzzle. Bob, however, as if unconscious of any feelings of the kind, lounged up to where the youthful pair were seated, and, with a sulky look towards the young gentleman, enquired of his sister what she was always walking about with Tadgy Simpk's'n for?

Now, this is a very embarrassing sort of question, and accordingly Miss Mary, whether from not having studied the motives of her so doing, or from not wishing to reveal them, remained silent; whereupon Mr. Simpkinson addressed the Yahoo, in a tone of voice by no means common with that good-natured individual, and said:

"Your sister has a right to please herself, I suppose."

"I s'pose she has—and she does it too," replied the agreeable youth; "I only want to know who she'll walk with next, when you're gone up to the grocer's shop in London?"

"Grocer's shop!" exclaimed Plantagenet; "It is the greatest West India house in the City."

"Well, they sell sugar, don't they?—and that's a grocer, isn't it? There's no use trying to gammon us here. You're going to be a grocer: now, the last man Mary was spoony with was something better than *that*, at any rate."

"What do you mean, Robert?" asked the sister.

"Why, Bob Darrel, the Chadfield doctor. You know very well; but he's married now, and so you're doing the civil to Tadgy."

"Never mind him, Mary, my dear," said Tadgy; "I don't believe a word he says. At the same time I never knew that you were acquainted with Dr. Darrell."

"I had a fever three years ago, while I was staying at your uncle Stubbs's, and he was called in."

"Yes, and nearly called out too; for young Stubbs, that's gone into the army, wanted to shoot him for being too attentive. Those doctor fellows are always squeezing hands, and clutching hold of arms; and pretend it's only feeling the pulse. I think Stubbs should have shot him."

"What for?" asked Plantagenet.

"Why, for marrying that other woman. He ought to have married Mary."

"How can you listen to such nonsense, Tadgy?" said Mary; "you know Bob's agreeable way of saying pleasant things. I assure you Dr. Darrell was only a very good and kind doctor; and if you like to believe me rather than Bob, you will not mind any thing more he says."

Plantagenet looked at the honest open countenance of his future bride, and saw that no deceit could possibly lie on those sunny cheeks, and in those clear innocent eyes; so he gave her hand a gentle squeeze, and looked with ineffable disdain on the mischievous countenance of Mister Bob.

"Well," said that gentle squire, "you need'nt sit billing and cooing here all day. I'm afraid somebody may go and tell father; and I know he would be very angry if he knew you had been carrying on your rigs before the whole town. You had better come home, Mary; for, if any body *does* tell father, and I'm called in as a witness, I am afraid I must tell all I've seen."

"What have you seen, you insolent blockhead?" said Plantagenet, springing up.

"Oh, never mind! If you're really going to marry our Mary, it doesn't much matter. I only hope she won't be disappointed again—that's all."

"I never *was* disappointed, you idle, false-tongued, intolerable wretch!" exclaimed Mary, the tears of anger and vexation springing into her eyes.

"Weren't you?" replied the benevolent brother; "then that's a pleasure to come; for you may depend upon it, when Tadgy rises to be a grocer on his own account, he'll forget you as easily as Doctor Darrell."

The speaker came more abruptly to a close than was his custom, for he saw something so peculiar in the flashing eyes and swelling chest of Plantagenet, that he thought it better to decamp at once. He accordingly strolled off in the same listless manner in which he had made his approach; and the lovers felt as if relieved from some horrible oppression, when they saw the long figure of the overgrown Yahoo, with his coat a mile too large for his thin body, and his trowsers a mile too short for his long legs, thereby revealing nearly the whole extent of his Wellington's, slowly disappear at the turning of the elm walk.

"Thank heaven I have not shoved him into the water!" was the pious exclamation of Plantagenet, when he found that, for this occasion, he was free from the guilt of murder.

"I can't understand what pleasure the boy can have in saying disagreeable things, and in inventing such abominable stories," was the contemporaneous observation of his sister.

And hereupon followed a full explanation of all the incidents that the Yahoo either then or at any former time, had alluded to; and, as usually happens in affairs of that kind, both parties felt that the attempt of Mr. Bob to sow dissension, had had the very opposite effect, by giving an opening to a more fui

Agricultural.

TUSCANY CATTLE.

Columbia (S. C.), Aug. 20, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Having just received the American Farmer of the 14th inst., I have read with pleasure your observations on neat cattle; and as I find you intend to continue them, with a view to permanent influence, I beg leave to call your attention to "Tuscan Cattle." It is several years since I first became acquainted with them in the hands of a friend; and having been much struck with their apparent hardiness, and peculiar adaptation to our climate, I determined, if I ever owned a farm, to get that stock.

They were imported, I think, by Com. Bainbridge, and placed in your hands for sale—were purchased by the late John Middleton, Esq., of Santee, S. C., and have been kept pure ever since. Those which I saw on the farm of John Hunce, Jr., were remarkable for their activity and thriftiness, being always in good order, and the half breed being excellent milkers—the oxen very sprightly and fast. About two years ago I commenced farming, and procured a bull and two heifers from the stock of Mr. Middleton. They were rather small for their age, which may be owing to having been bred in and in too long, but were very compact, having heavy bodies, light limbs, and beatifully formed heads and necks—their color white in the summer, and of a slaty or blueish white in winter. I have had them during two very dry summers, when our pastures were very deficient, and consequently our subsequent winter feed also scanty—and in comparison with fifty head of common stock, they were in good beef order during the whole year, while the rest were in very ordinary condition. Last year I had several half bred calves, and this year I have a good many; and I am pleased to say that they are in finer order than any calves I have ever seen, with the same treatment. Several of my friends in this neighborhood have Durhams of great beauty, and as fine as are to be found; but they fall off in hot weather in the finest pastures, and in the winter require such care as few ordinary farmers are able to give them. I have lately had a good opportunity of comparing the stock, and believe that you are right in relation to the Durhams, for a Southern climate. I have several in the same pasture with the Tuscans, but they are poor, and the former as fat as grass fed cattle ever are. I understand that the experience of our lower country planters is much in favor of this stock, and that they are very popular in the neighborhood of Mr. Middleton's plantation. Our people have, as yet, paid but little attention to stock, and I find nothing published respecting these cattle. I therefore take the liberty of requesting you to let us have your knowledge of them, as I think they are bred in New Jersey also.

Many of my friends, who own Durhams, and as yet value them very highly, consider the Tuscans as too diminutive, and not good milkers; but Com. Jones speaks of the oxen as of good size, and travelling in Italy 40 miles a day—and the cow as yielding 13 to 16 quarts of milk. My dairy-woman tells me that my two heifers are much better milkers than any of my common stock, and some of those are very good, and that the milk affords more cream.

My object is to cross the Tuscan on the Durham, and thus increase the size of the former, and give thriftiness to the latter. I would mention a fact, which appears to me to favor the stamina of the bull—that every half bred calf, no matter what the color of the mother, is of the same (cream) color, which becomes darker as they get older, most of them remaining of the color of the deer, some becoming darker.

There is great demand here for Durham cattle, and the Devons are not much enquired for. The few of the latter that Col. Hampton has, are valued highly by him, and attract much attention from their beauty; but the demand is for the breed that will give 30 quarts of milk.

I have written you a hurried account of the Tuscans, to remind you of them, and hope you will give us some information about them. I am satisfied for our hot suns and winter (shuck) treatment, that the Tuscans will get along while others will "fly to pieces." This being the case, they certainly can be improved; and it will be better to have a stock that we can improve, in preference to one that will degenerate.

Respectfully yours,

J. S. Skinner, Esq. R. W. Gibbes, M. D.

It is nearly seventeen years since we undertook to predict that these cattle, then sold to Mr. Middleton, would prove to be a valuable acquisition to the Southern States; and now we have the satisfaction to read from the highest authority a confirmation of our prophecy. We can add nothing to what is said by Dr. Gibbes, but on turning back to the 4th volume of the American Farmer, we have concluded to re-publish a letter from the veteran Commodore Jones, with commentaries, which may serve to evince the zeal which existed at that time for the importation of valuable animals from abroad, and to furnish a history of the importation of these Tuscany cattle, just now, it seems, beginning to be estimated as they deserve:—

U. S. Ship Constitution, Gibraltar, 16th Sept., 1822.

Dear Sir,—I have received yours of the 16th and 23d July, and am pleased at your determination respecting the Andalusian Horse and mare; not that it would have been the least disagreeable to me to have carried them to you, but from the belief, since the examination I have made of this race of animals, that the best that could be had here would be but little valued in the U. States. I did not see, from Cadiz to Seville, a horse which, in our country, would bring $200; nor a mare which could be sold at $50. We shall sail soon for Tunis, where I will inform myself of the habits, &c., of the broad-tail sheep, and if any are of finer wool, I will procure a few. I am very sorry at not being able to see the letter of Mr. Jefferson, which you refer to—the papers which you so obligingly sent me, have been searched in vain for it.

I am informed that the best Jacks, anywhere on the coast of the Mediterranean, are at the island of Majorca, from whence I intend to take a Jack and Jenny to our country. Should nothing occur to prevent our going to Malta, I will bring you from thence a Jenny, to pair with your Jack. In visiting the farms at Minorca with Mr. Ladio, our Consul, who has several of his own, and bestows much attention to farming, I saw two extraordinarily fine mules, and on asking him if I could see the Jack that was their sire, he pointed to a small Jenny that was in the field with them, and assured me that they were the offspring of her and the horse in the adjoining lot, a slender formed animal, and not exceeding 15 hands. He also said that all their best mules are from the horse and jenny, and that they are more docile than those from the Jack, I am assured by those whose information is most to be trusted, that an *Arabian* horse is not to be found this side of Egypt, and the best Barbs are to be had in Morocco, but the price is from $600 to $1000, besides a high duty for exportation. I have not seen any of the Mahogany cattle,* such as you mention. The cattle that I see in Spain appear to be nothing superior to ours; nor have I seen anywhere on the Mediterranean any that appear better than those in America, except a race of white cattle at Naples, used for the draught. I was informed by a gentleman who, in supplying the government with timber, had used thirty yoke of them for two years, that during that time they had constantly travelled from twenty to twenty-five miles a day, excepting Sundays and the holidays—the place from whence he drew the timber being from forty to fifty miles distant from Naples. He said they were the offspring of the Spanish Bull and Hungarian Cow, or the Hungarian Bull and Spanish Cow. They are generally fifteen hands high, their bodies long, a sharp muzzle resembling the deer—color entirely white, except a black nose, ears, and the tuft of the tail. They are most frequently worked in the thills of a cart, and are spirited and walk as quick as a horse, and appear not to suffer from heat more than a horse.† I would have bought a bull and a cow had we have been returning down the Mediterranean, but to have taken them to Smyrna and the Archipelago would have caused too much trouble and expense. I have inquired, whenever opportunities of obtaining correct information have occurred, the quantity of milk given by their cows, and have nowhere heard of so much as in our country, except at Genoa, where a good cow gives about fourteen quarts per day, and in Tuscany from fourteen to sixteen.‡

I intend to carry home several of the Spanish hogs, and some of the sweet acorns on which they are principally fed. I believe the tree will grow well in Maryland and Virginia. They are a small oak about the size of a large peach tree, and bear very abundantly every year. I have seen no domestic fowls equal to those we have, and though I have often been at Malta, I never saw or heard that their geese and ducks were better than those elsewhere,◊ but should I return there, which I hope to do, I will ascertain the truth. There is promised me some hares and red bill partridges; the large pigeon of Barbary we have on board. Of grass seeds I shall get none—clover only is sowed where I have been.

Respectfully yours, Jacob Jones.

* Purser Hamilton had mentioned to the Editor, a beautiful race of *milk* cattle in Italy, of mahogany color.

† This is the valuable breed of a bull and cow imported by Com. Bainbridge, and now the property of John Middletown, Esq. of S. Carolina, where we hope they will be properly estimated, as they undoubtedly constitute one of the *most valuable acquisitions* ever made in the *Southern* states. These cattle were some time in the possession of the Editor, who became convinced by personal observation that for activity and adaptation to all kinds of farm labor, and for *capacity to withstand the heat of a Southern climate*, they fully justify the character here given by Com. Jones—the color, form, and texture of their skin, all indicate these capacities—we repeat the hope that they may be duly appreciated and fully tested.

‡ With respect to cows for *milk*, we have nothing to gain from abroad—except, perhaps, the Ayrshire cow of Scotland, mentioned by Sir John Sinclair.

◊ We had been told they were of superior quality at *Trieste*, by Major W. B. Barney. American Farmer.

A simple Preparation for Analyzing Soils—1 oz. of muriatic acid, 3 oz. of water, *pour the acid* to the *water*, and put in the substance to be tried. If effervescence takes place there is lime—if not, not. Be careful that the phial or vessel containing the acid does not get broke. Ib.

ON INFLUENZA IN SHEEP.

TO THE VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

Gentlemen,—Your having been pleased to elect me one of your corresponding members, renders it almost imperative that I should attempt some return for that distinguished honour. As an humble member of the veterinary profession, I am willing to contribute the little that I am able towards the advancement of our common science; and therefore I venture to lay before you a few observations on the disease to which sheep are liable in this locality, and which is often attended with considerable loss to the grazier.

The treatment of cattle and of sheep is a division of our art by many contemned. Such, perhaps, have not resided in districts that have called forth the energies of their minds; nor have they seen the ravages which disease often produces: had they, I feel assured that the comments which from time to time are made, would be thought unworthy of scientific men, and especially of those to whom the health of our domesticated animals should have been, and even now is, in a great measure entrusted. There are many cogent reasons why instructions should be commenced in good earnest at our *alma mater* on this division of our art; but, as the full consideration of this would lead me into a field of argument I am not, at present, desirous of entering on, I will leave it, and pass to the more immediate object of my paper; craving, however, permission to say, that I am glad to see that reform has been commenced. I feel assured that steps will be taken to ensure its progress, and to perfect the system. Thus, I trust, speedily and for ever will be wiped away a stigma which has been long attached to the profession of a veterinary surgeon in country practice. These are not days in which we can retrograde; but we must continue the onward march which has been so nobly begun, and to which the association lends its powerful aid.

The malady to which I refer is INFLUENZA IN SHEEP; at least I call it by this name, because it bears so great a resemblance to that disease in the horse.

The situations in which I have found it most prevalent, are the marshes near the sea. The land there is very good, but much exposed; there being no hedges nor inclosures for many square miles. Cases are most abundant during the months of March and April, and especially when easterly winds prevail. It generally attacks young sheep, such as are called *lambs hogs*, and almost always those that are in the best condition, and of the largest size.

To prevent repetition, I will give you an account of a flock of 180 that I attended, in April 1838, for these presented the general features of the many, and may therefore be taken as a type of all the other flocks which were affected. They belonged to a wealthy grazier, Mr. G. Curbets, residing at Croft, near this place.

It was on the 19th of April that I was first desired to attend them. On my arrival, I found seven or eight dead. They were observed to be ill on the day previous to my seeing them. There were eight more that could not stand; and when lifted up, they had entirely lost all power of motion. On examining the remainder of the flock, I found some scarcely affected at all, while others were gradually going on in the same way as those that had died.

The first symptoms exhibited were, dulness of countenance, and a disinclination to join the rest of their companions, or to look out for food. They soon became more dull; a thin mucous discharge made its appearance from the nose and eyes, the tissues being highly injected; the ears drooped; a grating of the teeth was heard; and a staggering gait evinced in walking. As the disease advanced, all the above-named symptoms became more manifest. The animals were able to walk at a slow pace, but if urged into a quicker one they would fall down on their sides, throw their heads back, and grate their teeth as if in pain. After lying a few minutes they would get up again, although with difficulty: and their manner of walking in this stage of the disease very much resembled a horse labouring under inflamed laminæ. When the disease had been allowed to run on to this height, the sheep often became affected with spontaneous diarrhœa, the fæces appearing to come away involuntarily. Those that did not purge, usually voided much mucus encoating the dung.

After this they quickly became worse: they would lie perfectly still, as far as the limbs were concerned, but they continued to grate their teeth, and a rattling noise was heard in the windpipe, accompanied by a frothy discharge from the mouth and nose, and an occasional cough. To this, death succeeded in a few hours.

The post-mortem appearances were very unsatisfactory, as no particular part appeared to be more affected than another by the disease. On examining the windpipe the lining membrane was found to be slightly inflamed; the bronchi contained a frothy kind of fluid: the substance of the lungs was a little engorged, but this was not invariably the case; the lining membrane of the chest was also sometimes a little tinged, and most altered in character about the sternum and cartilages of the ribs; the heart appeared quite healthy, as did the abdominal viscera, except the peritoneal and mucous coats of the small intestines, which were now and then tinted with an inflammatory blush.

Generally speaking, if any part more than another could be said to have taken on active inflammation, it was the kidneys, these organs being not uncommonly found discoloured in their emulgent portion, but nothing like approaching mortification. The tubular part was also a little darker than natural, and easily broken down by the fingers; but the pelvis had not undergone any structural disorganization. The urine appeared to have been naturally secreted, and the coats of the bladder were healthy; but sometimes this viscus was distended more than is usually found. The brain presented no abnormal appearance. Such were the lesions observable on the examination of several of them.

The treatment I pursued with those which could not stand, was first to place them under a shed, with plenty of dry straw to lie upon. To those affected with diarrhœa, astringents were administered, such as catechu, chalk, &c., combining them with an aromatic tonic and the spiritus etheris nitrici: while to others that were constipated in the bowels I gave a gentle laxative, following it up with a gentle tonic. This course of procedure appeared to be attended with benefit; for, out of the eight that could not stand, four recovered, and were able to provide for themselves in two or three days. After the exhibition of the medicine to the diseased, the remainder of the flock was removed into as sheltered a situation as could be found; or sheds were erected for them, with plenty of dry straw to lie upon. A liberal diet of oats and hay was allowed, while their general comfort was as much attended to as possible. To many that gave indications of the approach of an attack of the malady, a laxative and a tonic combined was given.

On April 21st, the sheep were not only looking better, but had very materially improved. The above mentioned treatment was continued, with occasional variations, according to the circumstances of each case; and in five or six days they were all out of danger. I am happy to be enabled to say, that after this there were not more than two or three sheep out of the flock in which the prostration of strength became so great as to render them unable to stand; and I would add, that I never knew one case to recover without the aid of medicine, after the disease had existed so long as to produce this loss of power.

I am, &c. Veterinarian.

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839.

A. M. Jewell.

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livingston, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL,
June 23,8139.—[jy 13] Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch; and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establish ment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union.

SELMA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1839, over the *Alabama Central Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 12th Nov., and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, $50 forfeit, Mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Oct. Now 3 subs.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; to close on 15th Oct

Fifth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to name and close 1t October.

There are now several subscribers to each stake. Entries to the sweepstakes will be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Selma. W. PLATTENBURG, *Proprietor*

Selma, Ala., Aug. 24th, 1839.—[sept 7]

THE COLUMBIA S. C. ANNUAL RACES

WILL commence on the 4th Monday, 25th November, 1839, and continue throughou the week, viz:

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. f.; closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Argyle
2. Also, produce of Imp. mare Emma and Camel
3. J. S. Preston names produce of Imp. mare Tears and Imp. Defence
4. B. F. Taylor names produce of Betsey Robins and Argyle
5. P. M. Butler names produce of Betsey Hare and Mons. Tonson
6. J. H. Hammond names produce of Symmetry and Mons. Tonson
7. J. S. Shelton names produce of Isora and Argyle
8. James H. Adams names produce of Contention mare Barbara and Mons. Tonson
9. J. R. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Imp. Chateau Margaux
10. Also, produce of Julia and Mucklejohn
11. J. Moore names produce of Locadia and Imp. Nonplus
12. W. Scott names produce of Vanity and Argyle
13. P. McRa names produce of Financier mare and Imp. Nonplus
14. Also, produce of Kosciusko mare and Imp. Nonplus
15. D. F. Myers names produce of Spread Eagle and Argyle
16. J G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Mons. Tonson
17. James B. Richardson names produce of Gonhanna and Imp. Nonplus
18. P. Fitzsimmons names produce of Hetewan and Imp. Tranby
19. A. W. Roach names produce of Jessamine and Argyle
20. W. J. Taylor names produce of Lodoiska and Argyle
21. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Pacolet mare and Alborack
22. W. L. Lewis names produce of Minna Brenda and Imp. Nonplus
23. John C. Singleton names produce of Phenomina and Imp. Nonplus
24. Also, produce of Lottery and Imp. Nonplus
25. W. L. Lewis names produce of Armand and Argyle

Same day—Hampton Plate, Two mile heats.

Second day—Four mile heats

Third day—Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Two mile heats.

Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Sixth day—Post Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each.

Same day—A Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 ft.; three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st of October next. The Gate-money of the day will be awarded to the winner. JOHN C. O'HANLON, *Proprietor*.

P.S. The amount of PURSES will be advertised hereafter. [jy 27]

NEW ORLEANS RACES, METARIE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes, to be run over the *Metarie Course*, at the Fall Meeting o 1839, which will take place 2d Wednesday in December, are still open.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $200 forfeit, to be run the last day of the Meeting; four or more to make a race; to close 15th October, 1839. Now three subscribers, viz.:

Thos. J. Wells | A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st Nov., 1839; to be run first day of the Meeting. Now two subs., viz.:

A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run first day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run last day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; to be run Spring Meeting, 1843, Two mile heats, sub. $2000 each, $500 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st April, 1840. Now 14 subs.

Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1839, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $300 ft.; to be run Fall Meeting of 1841, four or more to make a race. Colts to carry 70lbs., fillies 3lbs. less; to close 1st Feb., 1840. Now one subscriber, viz.:

Alexander Barrow

Breeders and Turfites wishing to subscribe, will address the Secretary of the Metarie Jockey Club, New Orleans. RICHARD ADAMS, JAMES S. GARRISON, } *Proprietors*.

New Orleans, 1st Sept. 1839.—[sept 7-tdec1]

KINGSBURY TROTTING COURSE.

THE Sporting World is respectfully apprised that the subscribers have rented the *Kingsbury Trotting Course*, situated on the Philadelphia Road, four miles from the city of Baltimore, and will have it in first rate order. They will offer the following purses to be trotted for:—

First day, October 14—A Purse of $100, free for green horses, owned in Maryland, that never won a purse; Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in Harness.

Second day, October 15—A Purse of $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, free for any horse; entrance $100 each, which will be added to the Purse. Three or more to make a race Entries for this race to close on the 8th of October.

Third day, October 16—A Purse of $200, Two mile heats under the saddle, free for any horse owned in Maryland.

The above purses will be governed by the Rules of the Hunting Park Course. There is first rate stabling attached to the Course, which will be furnished free, with straw for bedding.

JOHN McCLINTOCK & CO., *Proprietors*.

Baltimore, Sep.t7, 1839—[sept.14]

FRANKFORT Ky. RACES, CAPITOL COURSE.

THE races over the *Capital Course*, near Frankfort, Ky., will commence on the 3d Wednesday, 16th October next, and continue four days.

First day—The Cooper's Stake, Silver Pitcher, value $100, for 3 year olds, subscription $100 each, half forfeit, added; Two mile heats. To which are the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. W. Bacon names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Kitty Hunter by Paragon
2. W. S. Harris names b. f. *Mary Morriss*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter
3. John A. Holden names b. c. *Vidicq*, by Medoc, dam by Stockholder
4. Ben. Luckett names b. c. *Sydney*, by Archie Montorio, dam by Comet
5. Sydney Burbridge names bl. f. *Kate Hunter*
6. J. W. Fenwick names (J. R. Ward's) b. c *Camden*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Cherokee
7. Col. Wm. Buford names ch. f. *Jenny Richmond*, by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian

Same day—Post Stake for 2 yr. olds, sub. $50 each, P.P.; Mile heats. Now five scribers, viz.:

Ben. Luckett | W. W. Bacon | J. W. Fenwick
S. Burbridge | J. A. Holden |

Second day—Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Third day—Purse $600, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, subscription $50, h. ft. Five subs., viz.:

1. J. W. Burbridge names ch. c. *Frank Wilson*, by Rodolph, dam by Diomed
2. B. F. Tayloe names ch. c. by Singleton, dam unknown
3. E. R. Price names b. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir William
4. Ben. Luckett names b. c. *Tom Hampton*, by Imp. Swist, dam by Sumpter
5. Dr. L. Sanders names bl. f. *Rodolphy*, by Rodolph, dam by Whipster

Same day—Purse $50, with a subscription of $50 each, Mile heats, free for all. To close the day before the race. [Aug 31]

KENDALL COURSE FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839 over this Course will take place, as usual, on the second Tuesday, the 8th October, and continue five days, to wit:—

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 forfeit; closed on the 1st September with the following subscribers, to wit:

1. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names b. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West.
2. R. B Cunningham names bl. c. *Black Boy*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Van Tromp.
3. Dr. Geo. Goodwyn names br. c. *Norfolk*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards.
4. John S. Corbin & Co. name Imp. b. c. *Passenger*, by Langar, out of My Lady.

Same day—A Sweepstakes as above, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Closed on the 1st Sept with the following subscribers, to wit:

1. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names b. c. by Shark, out of Coquette.
2. David McDaniel names b. c. by Imp. Whale, dam ——.
3. Wm. Gibbons names *Mariner*, by Shark, out of Bonnet's O'Blue by Sir Charles.
4. Col. Francis Thompson names Col. Francis Green's b. f by Autocrat, out of Laura.
5. Jas. B. Kendall names gr f. by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna.

Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, that never started in a public race, Two mile heats, sub. $200 each, h ft.; four or more to make a race; closed 1st September with the following subscribers, to wit

1. Col Wm. R. Johnson names b. c. by Eclipse, out of Simmons Hardoway's Omega mare, the property of Johnson & Hardaway.
2. David McDaniel names ch. c. by Imp Contract, dam by Napoleon.
3. Gen. Alex. Hunter names ch. c by The Ace of Diamonds, out of The Captain's dam.
4. Nathaniel Lufborough names ch. f. by the Ace of Diamonds, out of Diana by Ogle's Oscar.
5. Col. Francis Thompson names Col. Frs. C. Greene's b. c. by Autocrat, dam by Rattler.

Third day—Purse $1000, $300 of which goes to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $700; if but one, $500; Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $600, $200 of which goes to second best horse, if more than two start; if but two the winner to receive $400; if but one, $300. Three mile heats.

Fifth day—A Colt's Purse $200, Two mile heats, free only for colts having been beaten during the week, $25 entrance, to be added to the purse; the second best Colt, if more than two start, to receive $50 out of the Purse.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats. Entrance to the above Purse, 5 per cent. The entry will be made on the day preceding each day's race, by 12 o'clock, M., in order that they may be announced from the stand after each day's race.

The Course will be put in extra good order. Stables and litter will, as usual, be furnished to race horses, free of charge. The Course has been recently measured with two Ten Foot Rods, and found to be over a mile; of which, proper notice will be given in the "Spirit of the Times."

The following Stakes are now open to be run over this Course, to wit:

[The Sewell Stakes, for 3 year olds, to run Spring Meeting, 1840, Mile heats, sub $200 each, h. ft., with the privilege of declaring off by the 1st April next, by paying $50; to name and close 1st January next. Now three subs., to wit:

1. Col. Chas. S. Sewell names b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Imp. Corinna.
2. Josiah Lee names b. c. by Childers, out of Brunette by Telegraph.
3. J. V. Wagner.

Also, the Pete Whetstone Stakes, to run the day preceding the Spring Meeting, 1841, with 3 year olds, sub. $500 each, $200 forfeit. To name and close 1st January, 1840. Now 6 subs., to wit:

1. C. F. M. Noland names f. by Imp. Cetus, out of Nell Gwynne by Rattler.
2. Edward H. Pendleton names b. c. by Andrew, out of Miss Phillips by Sussex
3. Jas. B. Kendall.
4. Col. Francis Thompson.
5. Wm. T. Mason names b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla, Jr.
6. David McDaniel.

The Proprietor begs leave to call the particular attention of Racers and Breeders to the foregoing Stakes, and hopes he will not be disappointed in having them well filled. Letters addressed to the Proprietor, post marked, on or before the closing of the stake will be in due time. JAS. B. KENDALL, *Proprietor*.

Kendall Course, August 16, 1839.—[sept 14]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

BALTIMORE, Md. - - Kendall Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
" " " Kingsbury Trotting Course, 2d Monday, Oct. 14.
AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - Lafayette Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.
BOONVILLE, Mo. - - - and New Franklin, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
BEAN's STATION, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
CAMDEN, N. J. - - - - and Philadelphia, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct
CAMDEN, [illegible] Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, Nov. 4.
CYNTHIANA, Ky. - - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
COLUMBIA S. C. - - - Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 4th Monday, 25th Nov.
COLUMBUS, Ga. [illegible] Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
CLARKSVILLE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
CINCINNATI, Ohio - - J. C. Fall Meeting, postponed to 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
FREDERICKSBURG, Va. Mulberry Course, J. C., F. Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Oct. 22
FORT SMITH, Arks. - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
FRANKFORT, Ky. [illegible] Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 16th Oct.
GREENSBORO', Ala. - - Henry Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
GALVESTON, Texas, Jockey Club Meeting, 3d Saturday, 21st Dec.
HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss. - A Meeting will be held during the Fall season.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. [illegible] Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
" " " Match, $5000 aside, 2 m. h., *Czarina* vs. *Cleopatra*, 1st day.
LIDESTONE SPRINGS, S. C., Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, 7th Oct.
MECKLENBURG Co., Va. Buffalo Course, J. C., Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, Oct. 8.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
MACON, Ga. [illegible] Central Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Monday, 21st Oct.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Dec. 24th.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 11th Nov.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
NEW FRANKLIN, Mo. and Boonville J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
NEW YORK CITY - Union Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
" " " Beacon Course, N. J., Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
" " " Centreville Trotting Course, Sweepstakes 2d week in Oct.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 13th Nov.
" " Match, $500 a side, P.P., between the 2 yr. olds of Messrs. Bingaman and Raiby, Nov. 11.
" " Sweepstakes of seven subs. at $500 each, for 2 yr. olds, Nov. 12.
OXFORD, N. C. - - - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
RAYMOND, Miss. - - - Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, about the 1st of Nov
" " Match, $1000 a side, *Leesburg* vs. *Red Bone*, Wednesday, 30th Oct.
RALEIGH, N. C. - - - - State Course, Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Nov.
ROME, Ga. - - - - - - Western Course, Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
SELMA, Ala. - - - - - Central Course, 2d Tuesday, 12th Nov.
ST. LOUIS, Mo. - - - - Prairie Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
SPRINGFIELD, Ala. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
TRENTON, N. J. [illegible] Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.

Salmagundi.

A Faithful Dog.—In Youatt's "Humanity to Brutes" is recorded the following anecdote of a Newfoundland dog:—"A vessel was driven on the beach at Lloyd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously; eight poor fellows were crying out for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous fellow at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. He saw the whole business in an instant: he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him, and then with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surf, and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed, and every man on board was rescued from a watery grave."

We mentioned the fact the other day of a man down east so *short* that he couldn't pay his debts. There is said to be one now in Arkansas so short that he has frequently been mistaken for pie-crust. Another one in Wisconsin, whose shadow was so small that he was mistaken for a shingle, and picked up and whittled to pieces by a travelling Yankee. Picayune.

Flour is so low in Michigan that yeast can't make it rise. Ib.

A new Head-dress.—A Western paper, the "Mount Vernon Courier," states that a swarm of bees lately settled upon the head of a boy somewhere in "them diggins," and that the lad was on the opposite side of the river from where he lived, when the bees alighted upon him. He crossed the river in his new-fashioned hat, when the swarm were secured in a hive. The boy only received two or three stings. No doubt these industrious insects saw that the boy was too lazy to *comb* his head. Ib

What's in a Name?—The "Olive Branch" and the "Conciliator" are the nomenclatures of two papers published in Rockville, Indiana. They are "digging" into one another with all the fury of gladiators, or a pair of cats strung across a line. Ib.

A very Interesting Debate.—We have the following account of an "interesting debate," from a gentleman who was present when it took place. He says that at a meeting of the negro debating junto in a neighboring village, one of the members rose and said—"Honorable gemmen, I move we rebate dis subjec, 'Wich is de most profable to de human famley, de Hos or de Ox.'" This being agreed to, sides were taken, and two of the "champions" went on with the discussion.

H.—Honorable gemmen, I 'pear fore you on a werry important subjec, and 'pears dat I mus take de side for de Hos. I wants to know if I had two hoses in de stable and two oxens, a gemman wants to ride, which do you tink he'd take? Why, he'd be rite at de hos. And if a gemman sick and want ago for de doctor, would he take de ox? No, by golly, he'd be rite at de hos agin. But my repolent fell, you beter—but mus'nt b'lieve him.

O.—Mister honable gentlemen, I'm restonished at de gemman wat war up dar, talken out de hos—yes, I'm restonished, and I speak werry cam. Whar do you go for beef? Do you go to de hos? No, you go to de ox. But I speak 'gin and tell you more—jist tink about eaten hos, honable gemmen.

H.—Well, I makes my 'pearance fore dis Bord agin for de hos, kos I likes de hos, and so does you, honable gemmen. Why if dey karried de mail wid de ox, you never git yer letter. Why, I'm restonished at dat repolent talken bout goin to de ox for beef. War I cum from we go to de butcher. But I won't say no more, for I'm sarin de hos goes de caper.

O.—I'm werry much restonished at dat gemman talken bout karrien de mail wid de hos or de ox. What de Locomotion? Go away, de ox get de subjec. Ib.

Absurdities.—To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty. To get drunk and the next morning complain of a head-ache. Ib.

Spunk.—A little fellow the other day in a crowd cried out "Hurra for Harrison!" at which a Van Buren man exclaimed angrily, "Hurra for a Jack Ass!" "That's right," said the boy, "you hurra for your candidate, and I'll hurra for mine."

King's English.—The following advertisement appears in the "Port Huron Representative," where it is marked t. f.:—

Sothering.—I dakes dish vay to inform de bublic vot I can do—dat I can make stove Pipes, Brass, Copper, and Tin vork of any kind, from a Still vorm to a Vistle, and I can Sother up de booter dea bots vot has a hole in 'em, and make 'em just as coot as new. All dish I vil do for de Money, at mine old stand in dish little village, near Vare de carpenter lives, vot maker Viel Barrows and mends de Vagons. MANS VANBRUGGEN.

Port Huron, Mich., June 29, 1839.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—Dr. William Hunter used to relate the following anecdote:—During the American war, he was consulted by the daughter of a peer, who confessed herself *enceinte*, and requested his assistance. He advised her to retire for a time to the house of some confidential friend; she said that was impossible, as her father would not suffer her to be absent from him a single day. Some of the servants were, therefore, let into the secret; and the doctor made arrangements with the treasurer of the Foundling Hospital for the reception of the child, for which he was to pay £100. The lady was desired to weigh well if she could bear pain without alarming the family by her cries. She said yes, and she kept her word. At the usual period she was delivered, not of one child only, but of twins!—The doctor, carrying the two children, was conducted by a French servant through the kitchen, and left to ascend the area steps into the street. Luckily, the lady's maid recollected that the door of the area might, perhaps, be locked; and she followed the doctor just in time to prevent his being detained at the gate. He deposited the children at the Foundling Hospital, and paid for each £100. The father was a colonel of the army, who went with his regiment to America, and died there. The mother afterwards married a person of her own rank Physic and Physicians.

A celebrated counsellor, after he had retired from practice, being one day in a company where the uncertainty of the law became the topic of conversation, was applied to for his opinion; upon which he laconically observed, "If a man was to claim the coat upon my back, and threaten my refusal with a law-suit, he should certainly have it, lest, in defending my coat, I should, too late, find that I was deprived of my waistcoat also."

The remarkable robbery of the Princess of Orange's jewels cannot be forgotten by our readers. The Belgian journals now announce that of all the diamonds of Princess Frederick, the Prince of Orange's sister-in-law, the paders of Germany, where the robbery is said to have taken place, reduce it to the loss of a valuable brooch.

Bear and Steak.—Mr. Wilkes going to Dolly's Chop-house in Paternoster-row with a friend, accidentally seated himself near a rich and purse-proud citizen, who almost famished him with roaring for his steak, as he called it. Mr. Wilkes, in the meantime, asking him some common question, received a very brutal answer. The steak coming at that instant, Mr. Wilkes turned to his friend, saying, "See the difference between the *City* and the *Bear-garden:* in the latter the *bear* is brought to the *stake*, but here the *steak* is brought to the *bear*."

Romeo Coates.—This amateur of fashion having finished the character of Romeo, was *encored* by some of the gallery wags; whereupon the gentleman got up, made his bow, and obligingly repeated the dying speech. A person in the pit remarked that "Mr. Coates was a *good Christian*, for he was *always ready to die.*"

The Gift Horse.—A nobleman having presented Charles II. with a fine horse, his Majesty bid Killigrew, the jester, who was present, tell him what was its age; upon which Killigrew examined the animal's tail. "What are you doing?" said the king; "that is not the place to find out his age." "Oh, Sir," said Killigrew, "your Majesty knows one should never look a gift horse in the mouth."

A celebrated whip, who often drives in his gig an off-rigger on the *near* side, the usual practice being to place it on the *off*; being asked his reason for so doing, replied, that he did it for two reasons,—"First," said he, "when you meet another carriage he is not in the way; and, secondly, if he should take to kicking, he hits your man and not you."

Celebrity and Notoriety.—Tompion, the most celebrated watchmaker of his day, was accosted, in Moorfields, by a brother of the trade, who, after the usual salutations and inquiries about business, said, "I believe, Mr. Tompion, you and I are the two most distinguished men of our profession in existence." "Indeed!" exclaimed Tompion, who knew nothing of the individual's abilities. "Yes," was the reply; "you are, of all watchmakers, the best, and I am the worst."

Summary Justice.—A French nobleman, who had been satirised by Voltaire, meeting the poet soon after, gave him a hearty drubbing. The poet immediately flew to the Duke of Orleans, told him how he had been used, and begged he would do him justice. "Sir," replied the Duke, with a significant smile, "it has been done you already."

A Fool's Wit.—A silly country squire asked a merry-andrew why he played the fool? "For the same reason that you do," answered he, "*for want*—you for want of wit, and I for want of money."

AMERICAN
TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE,
FOR OCTOBER.

THE 10th No. of this work was published on the 1st Oct., from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*," corner of Broadway and Barclay st. This number is embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:
THE NEWEST TURN-OUT; on Steel by Dick, after F. O. Turner.
WOODCOCK SHOOTING; on Steel by Dick, after F. O. Turner.

CONTENTS:

To Readers and Correspondents, etc. ... 538
The Newest Turn-out; By the Editor ... 539
More Collineomania; By J. Cypress, Jr. ... 542
Crib-Biting; By Bracy Clark ... 547
The English and American Turf; By "Blood Horse" ... 550
How to Buy a Horse. No. IV. By an Amateur ... 557
Memoir of Lady Clifden; By "J. J." ... 564
A Week in the Woodlands; Day the Fifth; By "Frank Forester" ... 574
Turf Register ... 583
Stock of Patrick N. Edgar, Esq. page 583
" L. P. Cheatham, Esq. " 584
" John Maxwell, Esq. " 585
" John D. Tylee, Esq. " "
" Maj. William Jones " 586
" R. W. Ogden, Esq. " 586
Addition to the Stock of Wm. H. Tayloe, Esq. page 587
Revised Pedigree of Capt. Thomas Hoskins " "
Pedigree of Albornoz " "
Notes of the Month; By the Editor ... 588
Great Race at Norfolk page 588
The Goodwood Cup " "
The Bloomsbury Trials " "
The New Yacht page 588
Measurement of the Kendall Race Course " "
English Racing Calendar, 1839. Races at
Newmarket First Spring Meeting page 13
Abergavenny " 15
Barham Downs " "
Bibury Meeting " "
The Hoo, Herts " 16
Bath Spring Meeting " "
Durham " 17
Tavistock page 17
Eglinton Park " 18
York Spring Meeting " 20
Newmarket Second Spring " "
Plymouth and Devonport " 21
Chester " "
Gorhambury " 24

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."
New York, October 5, 1839.

NEW ORLEANS (La.) FALL RACES.

THE Jockey Club Fall Meeting over the *Louisiana Course*, will commence on the third Wednesday, 18th Dec., and continue five days.
First day—Creole Purse $500, $400 to the winner, and $100 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, $300.
Same day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, $200 of which goes to the second best horse if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $800; if but one, $700, Two mile heats.
Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Two mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race. Now one sub.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, $300 to go to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $1000; if but one, $800, Three mile heats.
Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race; now one sub.
Fourth day—A Splendid Silver Urn, cost $1500, and $500 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, the winner to receive $1200, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $600, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Same day—Louisiana Plate, valued at $1000 Two mile heats.
Same day—Proprietor's Purse $100, entrance money added, Mile heats.
HENRY A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH,
THOMAS WADSWORTH, } *Proprietors.*
[oct5]

SWEEPSTAKE, NASHVILLE.

WE, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, at the Fall Meeting of the Nashville Jockey Club, 1841, on the Saturday preceding the Jockey Club Races, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; to close and name on or before the 1st January, 1840. To be run under the rules of the said Jockey Club. Two or more entries to make a race. Address to HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club.
J. C. Guild. | James Jackson. | Saml. Ragland. [oct5]

CHRIST REJECTED.

AT the Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway, near Niblo's.—This magnificent and well known picture, painted by the late Benjamin West, Esq., P.R.H., which was so much admired when publicly exhibited a few years since in the United States, where in four of the principal cities, it was visited by upwards of *one hundred thousand persons*, is once more offered to the notice of the citizens of New York, and this will probably be the last time they will have an opportunity of seeing this, the most celebrated production of modern times.
Admittance 25 cents. Descriptive Pamphlets, 12½ cents.
Open from 10 in the morning till 10 in the evening. [oct5]

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.
Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.
For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street, Albany. WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent.*
Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

LIMESTONE SPRINGS (S. C.) RACES.

THE races at this place will commence the first Monday, 7th October, and continue six days.
First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Ten subs. and closed.
Second day—Three mile heats, $15 entrance, free for all.
Third day—Two mile heats, $10 entrance, free for all.
Fourth day Mile heats, $10 entrance, free for all.
Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, $10 entrance, free for all.
Sixth day—A Post Stake, Two mile heats, $100 entrance.
Immediately after each regular race, the Club will give the following
First day, $15 for Sweepstakes, Mile heats, free for all.
Second day, $10 for Sweepstakes, Mile heats, free for all.
Third day, $10 for Sweepstakes, Mile heats, free for all.
Fourth day, $5 for Sweepstakes, One mile out, free for all.
Fifth day, $10 for Sweepstakes, Mile heats, free only for unkept saddle horses.
The purses will be equal to last year. The track is now in fine order, is one of the most beautiful, and for time, is equal to any in the State. Fine sport is anticipated
SAML. OTTERSON, *Sec.* and *Treas.*
Limestone Springs, S.C., 3d September, 1839.—[sept21]

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE following TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES are open to come off over the above course, the 2d week in Oct. next
1st Stake, Two mile heats, under the saddle, for horses that never won a purse. Twenty five dollars entrance, and fifty dollars added by the Proprietor.
2d Stake, Two mile heats, in harness, for horses that never won a purse over $50; $25 entrance, and $50 added by the Proprietor.
3d Stake, Two mile heats, under the saddle, for horses that never won a purse over $100; $25 entrance, and $50 added by the Proprietor.
4th Stake, Two mile heats, in harness, free for all horses; $50 entrance, and $100 added by the Proprietor.
5th Stake, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the saddle, for horses that never trotted for money, $25 entrance, and $25 added by the Proprietor.
In either of the above stakes three or more entries to make a race. The above stakes will close on Saturday, the 5th October, on or before 8 o'clock. Nominations to be addressed to the Proprietor at Barker's Hotel, 2d door above the Park Theatre. In the event of a horse's walking over for either stake, no addition to it will be made by the Proprietor. JOEL CONKLIN.
Centreville, L. I., Sept. 5th, 1839.—[sept 7]

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.
C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.
Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

SITUATION WANTED AS TRAINER.

THE subscriber having had considerable experience as a trainer in the Middle and Southern States, is desirous of getting a permanent situation. Satisfactory references will be given to any gentleman wishing to employ. J. K. DAWSON.
Scotland Neck, N. C.—[sept 28-4t]

THE MONTGOMERY (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Bertrand Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1839, and continue five days.
First day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
On Monday, 23d December, the following Sweepstakes will be run for—$300 entrance—named and closed the 1st day of May, 1839:
1. R. B. Harrison names ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand.
2. M. Ashurst names b. f. *Susan Jenkins*, by Sir William.
3. David Stephenson names (for Messrs. Nott & Fearus) f. by Hocopoco.
4. Bat. Smith names b. c. *Matcham*, by Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella, by Shylock.
5. John R. Radick and Col. T. Watson name gr. f *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Gallopade, by Canter.
6. A. M. Jewell and John Duncan name b. f. *Nightingale*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney.
7. Nath. Simmons names b. c. *John Carpenter*, by Pacific.
8. Gen. Scott has also an entry in the same race, but it has been mislaid by the Secretary.
[sept21] POLLARD BROWN, J. B. TAYLOR, } *Proprietors.*

CAMDEN (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE races over the *Camden Course* will commence on Monday, the 4th Nov. next, and continue four days
First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds (closed).
Second day—Jockey Club Purse, Four mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse, Two mile heats.
Fifty dollars will be given by the Club for a Sweepstake on each day, to be run for immediately after the main race.
[sept 21—6t] WM. KENNEDY, *Secretary.*

NEW YORK RACES, UNION COURSE, L. I.

THE races over the *Union Course*, Long Island, will commence on the 2d Tuesday in October, and continue three days.
First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Seven subscribers, and closed, viz.:
1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Imp. Barefoot
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Imp. Barefoot
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Shark
5. Also, produce of Meg Dods and Shark
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Shark
7. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Modesty and Monmouth Eclipse
Same day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Second day—Purse $400, Three mile heats.
Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats, free only for 3 year olds that never won a race, ent. $20. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 20th of September.
Third day—Purse $800, Four mile heats.
Of the above purses, the sums of $50, $100, and $200, will be given to the second best horse, to be determined first by New York, then by Virginia rules; but if only one horse shall start, then the purses will be $250, $300, and $600. But the proprietors propose, that if the owners of Langford, Decatur, Hornblower, and Shadow, will enter into an inside stake (by the 15th September) of $500 or more, P.P., on the four mile day, that *they* will give an additional sum of $300 to the second best, which would make the second best, if one of these three horses, draw $500 on the four mile day.
Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 forfeit. Now two subscribers, and several more expected. To name and close on the 15th Sept. Three or more to make a race.
Other mile heat purses may be given. If so, due notice will be given.
New York, August 31, 1839.—[4t] D. H. BRANCH.
Memo.—The BEACON COURSE races will commence on the 5th Tuesday, the 29th of October—particulars in time.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1839, over this Course, will commence the 3d Tuesday, the 15th of Oct., and continue four days.
First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 forfeit, Two mile heats; eleven subscribers, and closed, viz.:
1. David McDaniel names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of the dam of Vashti.
2. W. R. Johnson names ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West.
3. J. D. Kirby names br. c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid.
4. C. Hatcher (for E. J. Wilson) names gr. f. by Imp. Autocrat, out of Nancy Norwood.
5. J. S. Corbin names Imp. b. c. *Passenger*, by Langar, out of My La y.
6. J. K. Vanmater names Imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller.
7. Also, Imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel.
8. Wm. Gibbons names br. c. *Mariner*, by Shark, out of Bonnets o'
9. Wm. Jones names b. c. *Treasurer*, by Imp. Roman, out of Dove.
10. Geo. Goodwyn names br. c. *Norfolk*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peachem.
11. B. B. Cunningham names bl. c. *Black Boy*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Van Tromp.
Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats.
Second day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $200, h. ft., free only for 3 yr. olds that never won a race. Closed the 1st Sept., with six subscribers, viz.:
1. J. D. Kirby names br. f. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Gohanna.
2. I. Puckett names ch. f. by Goliah, dam by Medley.
3. W. R. Johnson names b. c. by Eclipse, out of S. Hardaway's Omega.
4. J. K. Van Mater names Imp. br. c. *Mercer*, by Emilius.
5. Also, Imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel.
6. D. McDaniel names b. c. by Imp. Whale, dam by Timoleon.
Same day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, with an inside Post Stake of $2000 each, P.P., Four mile heats Closed 1st Sept., with three subs., viz.:
W. R. Johnson. Chas. Hatcher. O. P. Hare.
Fourth day—Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Same day—A Match race for $2000 a side, $500 forfeit, between
Mr. E. Colman's ch. c. 3 years old, by Star, out of Malinda, and
Mr. J. D. Kirby's br c. 3 years old, by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid.
[sept 21-4t] WM. N. FRIEND.

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE stakes upon this Course having closed at an earlier period than usual, several nominations were in consequence made too late for admission. To meet the wishes of such as have been thus disappointed, a new stake is opened, which will close on the 1st of October, to which they are requested to renew their subscription, viz:
A Sweepstake for all 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $300, forfeit $100; three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st of October, and to come off on the 2d day of the races.
Trenton, Sept. 10th, 1839—[sept21] O. BAILEY, *Secretary.*

BEACON COURSE RACES.

THE races over this Course will commence on the 29th day of October, being the week after the Trenton Races.
First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds that never won a race at the time of entry, Mile heats, subscription $50 each, P. P. The Proprietors will give $50 to the second best, if more than three start. To name and close by the first day of October, and three or more to make a race.
Same day—Purse $300, Two mile heats, of which $50 will be given to the second best.
Second day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds. Mile heats, sub. $100 each, $25 forfeit; three or more to make a race, and the second best to draw one fourth of the stakes; to name and close by first day of October.
Same day—Purse $500, Three mile heats, of which $100 will be given to the second best.
Third day—Purse $800, Four mile heats, of which $200 will be given to the second best.
And the Proprietors propose to the owners of Hornblower, Job, Fordham, and Wonder, or any three of them, that if they will enter into an inside stake of $500 or more, P.P., on the four mile day, the purse shall be made, as to them, $1000, and the second best of them shall receive $250 extra.
Some Mile heat purses may be offered during the meeting, of which due notice will be given. All entries for Sweepstakes to be made by letter, directed to D. H. Branch, New York City. Entries for purses to be made by 1 o'clock, on the day preceding the race.
BY THE PROPRIETORS
New York, Sept. 3, 1839.—[sept 7]

CINCINNATI RACES.

THE FALL MEETING OF 1839, will commence on Monday, 14th October, and continue six days.
First day, Monday—Proprietor's Purse $300, for 3 year olds only, Two mile heats.
Second day—Ohio Stallion Stake, Two mile heats, sub $100 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; a splendid Silver Pitcher, of the value of $100, to be added by the proprietor; second best to get back his stake; to name and close by the 15th August.
For this race six subscribers are expected.
Same day—The Breeders' Plate, value $200, for 3 year olds, free only for those bred in the State of Ohio, and Campbell County, Ky.; Mile heats
Third day—The Breeders' Plate, value $500, Two mile heats, a beautiful Tea Sett (silver); the amount of entrance to be governed by the number of entries. To this plate the proprietor makes an entry.
Same day—A Post Stake for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub $100 each; the entry to be made at 4 o'clock the day previous to the race; to name at the Judges' Stand previous to the hour of starting.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.
If three or more start, the second best to receive $120 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $480
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
If three or more start, the second best to receive $200 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $800.
Sixth day—Proprietor's Purse $400 in gold, Mile heats.
If three or more start, the second best to receive $100 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $300 in gold.
[sept 14-3t] LEWIS SANDERS, *Agent.*

MULBERRY COURSE (Va.) RACES.

WE the subscribers agree to run a sweepstake colt race over the Mulberry Course, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 yr. old; Two mile heats; Sub. $200 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race, to name and close the 1st day of October next.
We the subscribers agree to run a sweepstake colt race over the Mulberry Course, at the Fall meeting of 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Mile heats—Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race, to name and close on the 1st day of October next.
The Fall meeting on the Mulberry Course will come off as usual, on the fourth Tuesday, the 22d of October. WM. McCARGO, Proprietor.
Fredericksburg, Va., Aug. 1, 1839.—[Aug. 10-10t.]

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs, Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp. Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.
Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times [jy13]

LEXINGTON (Ky.) FALL RACES.

In our last we gave a report of the two first day's racing over the *Association Course*; the following is the result of the three last day's sport, from our special correspondent :—

THURSDAY, Sept. 19—Purse $700, ent. $70, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100 5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Joseph G. Boswell's b. f. *Luda*, by Medoc, out of Duchess of Marlborough, 3 yrs.	1	2	1
J. K. Duke's (Mr. Chiles') *Sophia Lovell*, by Sir Lovell, out of Eliza Jenkins by Sir William, 3 yrs	3	1	2
John Brennan's (Thos Kirkman's) ch. h. *Lantaro*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of the dam of Lauderdale, 5 yrs	4	3	3
Sidney Burbridge's (L. K. Grigsby's) ch. f. by Archy Montorio, dam by Old Court, 3 yrs	5	4	4
Willa Viley's br. c. *Ralph*, by Woodpecker, out of Brown Mary by Sumpter, 4 y.	*		

Time, 6:02—6:10—6:09. * Ruled out.

The track to-day was fine, and the weather delightful; the reputation of the entries attracted an immense crowd; the assemblage on the Jockey Club stand was much more brilliant than it was on the preceding day, and the presence of a galaxy of beautiful and elegantly dressed ladies; gave additional splendor to the scene.

Ralph was the favorite against the field. The lot got away in compact order, Sophia, Lantaro, and Ralph lying in front; they kept so for about a quarter of a mile, when Luda shot forward, and was first with a commanding lead of a length, which she maintained to the quarter stretch, where the Leviathan challenged and went by her, closely followed by the Archy filly, who was second in completing the first mile; Sophia and Luda watching each other, and Ralph trailing behind under a hard pull; this order was continued to the half mile post, where the Leviathan gave it up; Sophia took his place, and was instantly collared by Luda—the two fillies ran locked, making a beautiful and exciting race of it, till making the last turn home, up the quarter stretch, Sophia fell back a little; here Ralph made a dash, came up, and challenged Luda in the inside, when a slight collision ensued; they both, however, immediately recovered, and went at it, neck and neck, to the distance stand, where Ralph drew clear, and came in ahead about half a length. A charge of foul riding was alleged against the rider of Ralph; several witnesses were examined, and from the evidence adduced, the presiding judge, John Brennan, Esq, made proclamation that by the rules of the course Ralph was distanced. This caused great consternation among the friends of Ralph, and a feeling of dissatisfaction still exists in the minds of some, towards the judges, for adhering to their decision Col. Viley requested the privilege of an appeal to the Association, which was granted by the judges.

Second heat.—The betting now was principally between Sophia and Luda. The Leviathan made all the running for the first mile and a half; here Sophia took the lead, and although pressed rather closely by Luda to the distance stand, she won cleverly by a length.

Third heat.—3 to 1 on Sophia. Luda took the lead, but was almost immediately passed by Sophia, who then made the running; on coming to the last half mile, Sophia was some three lengths ahead; Luda now stole a march, and before they came to the last quarter, she locked Sophia; a well contested race then ensued between the two, Luda winning by about half a length. Ralph was sold immediately after to Mr. Walker Thurston for $4000.

At a meeting of the Association this evening, the following resolutions were adopted.—

Resolved, That where the leading horse leaves room upon the inside for a contending horse to pass; should the leading nag attempt to poll the horse on the inside, and in the attempt be jostled, the leading nag shall not complain, provided the horse in the inner side has made straight running.

Resolved, That there is nothing foul in attempting to pass on the inside, provided there be room to pass; that the only penalty incurred is the liability to be polled.

Resolved, That the rider of Ralph in the three mile race run over this Course, on the 19th of September, be acquitted of all censure on account of the jostle which occurred between Ralph and Luda.

Resolved, That the race of three miles to-day, was won by Mr. Boswell's filly Luda.

John Brennan, and Wm. M. Brand, Esqrs., first and second Vice-presidents, tendered in their resignation, when the following resolution was proposed and adopted unanimously.

Resolved, That the Club approve of the conduct of their Vice-presidents since they have been in office.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $200, ent. $20, conditions as before, Mile heats

Jas Shy's ch. c. *J. F. Robinson*, by Medoc, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs	1	1
W. S. Buford's br. f. by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs	2	2
John Brennan's (J. M. Pindell's) ch. c. by Medoc, out of Multiflora, 3 yrs	3	3
Sidney Burbridge's (L. K. Grigsby's) ch. f. by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs	4	4
Dr. E Warfield's b. c. *Bardolph*, by Bertrand, out of Susan Hicks by Virginian, 3 y.	5	5
R. Burbridge's (W. Buford's) b. f. by Singleton, dam unknown, 3 yrs	dist.	
Jas. E. Hutchinson's (A. Palmer's) gr. h. *Hard Heart*, by Buck Elk, dam by Quicksilver, 5 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:52—1:54.

Robinson against the field. A false start, and then they all got off in pretty good order, the favorite running in front, never was headed, and won very handily. In the second heat Robinson again made all the running, and came in winning by several lengths, under a hard pull.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20—Purse $1000, ent. $75, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Dr. E. Warfield's b. f. *Duckie*, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Mary Jones by Kosciusko, 3 yrs	1	1
Jas. Shy's ch. h. *Kavanagh*, by Bertrand, dam by Director, 5 yrs	2*	

Time, 8:26. * Let down.

Another delightful day, and the attendance respectable. Betting on Kavanagh 5 to 1. The filly made steady running, with the horse trailing behind, under a strong pull; they kept in this order to the second round, when Kavanagh went up, and gave the filly a short rally, and then pulled back; on completing the last round he again let loose, and made play; a splendid race ensued home, but the little filly defeated him, amidst the waving of kerchiefs by the ladies, and the deafening cheers of the multitude. Kavanagh pulled up lame, and it was discovered that he had let down in his left fore leg; consequently he was withdrawn, and the race awarded to Duckie.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $200, ent. $20, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Jas. Shy's ch. c. *Ashland*, by Medoc, out of Lady Jackson by Sumpter, 3 yrs	1	1
John Brennan's (J. M Pindell's) b. h. *Buckshin*, by Kosciusko, 5 yrs	2	dist.

Time, 1:53—1:51.

Betting: 3 and 4 to 1 on Ashland, who led off and carried on the running at a merry lick, and won the heat some three or four lengths in advance. The second heat the colt got some forty or fifty yards advantage in the start, which the old horse couldn't make up; the favorite increased the gap every jump, and came in a winner hard in hand; distancing his competitor, in two seconds quicker time than the first heat.

SATURDAY, Sept. 21—Purse $300, ent. $30, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

C. Buford's (G. W. Brand's) ch. c. *Vertner*, by Medoc, out of Lady Adams by Whipster, 3 yrs	1	1
Jas. Lindsay's b. m. *West Florida*, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs	5	2
J. G. Boswell's (T. J. Robinson's) b. c. *Burleigh*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Contention, 3 yrs	4	3
Jas. Shy's br. c. *Occident*, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Turpin's Florizel, 3 yrs	2	4
E. Warfield's b f. *Merrygold*, by Sir Leslie, out of Rowena by Sumpter, 4 yrs	3	5
S. Burbridge's (L. K. Grigsby's) ro. f. *Rowena*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs	6	dist.

Time, 3:46—3:48.

Betting: Occident vs. the field; Vertner the next favorite. Occident sprang off with the lead, Burleigh next, West Florida third, Merrygold fourth, Rowena fifth, and Vertner, who got a miserable start, some forty or fifty yards in the rear. They all kept running at a merry rate to the last half mile post, where the tailing commenced. Occident still leading, Vertner now made a dash and lapped him; thus they came up the quarter stretch at a killing pace, neck and neck, and in coming to the stand, the Medoc colt was declared the winner of the heat by half a neck only, making it in 3:46, the quickest time ever made on the track by two seconds.

Second heat.—They all cooled off well; Vertner went off in front, with Florida next, Occident third, Burleigh fourth, and the others close up; Occident made several attemps to collar Vertner, but he shook him off, and he then declined; Burleigh went to work with as little success; Florida now took up the running, and gave him a pretty severe tug home, but the colt defeated her, and won very cleverly.

This was the fifth race out of seven won by Messrs. Duke and Buford,—three at Maysville a fortnight ago, and two over this course; their success in a great degree is attributable to the admirable condition in which Mr. Budd, their trainer, brought his horses to the post

PETERSBURG (Va.) FALL RACES.

The races over the *Newmarket Course* commenced on the 24th September, and continued four days. For the annexed report of these interesting races, (the only one which we have received,) we are indebted to that excellent paper, the "Petersburg Intelligencer":—

TUESDAY, Sept. 24, 1839—Proprietor's Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

O. P. Hare's gr. f. *Andrewetta*, by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs	1	1
Chas. S. Morris' b. h. *Crab*, by Gloucester, 5 yrs	3	2
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. c. by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	2	3

Time, 1:53—1:53.

This was an interesting race, though the time was not first rate. The odds were greatly in favor of Andrewetta, who did not deceive the knowing ones.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25—Proprietor's Purse $300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. *Wonder*, by Tychicus, out of Nancy Marlborough by Rob Roy, 4 yrs	1	1
C. S. Morris' b. h. *Jubal*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Alfred	2	2
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Imp. Chance	3	dr

Time, 3:54½—4:05.

This was a race of little interest, it being won by Wonder with great ease.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Jockey Club Purse $1000, conditions as before, with an inside stake of $2000 each, P.P. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel, 6 yrs	1	1
O. P. Hare's Imp. ch f. *The Queen*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 4 yrs	3	2
Charles Hatcher's gr. m. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs	2	3

Time, 8:02—7:52. * The Queen was second in this heat, but pulling up before she got to the Judge's Stand, Omega walked past it before her.

This will be a memorable day in the history of Newmarket. Three finer horses than Boston, The Queen, and Omega, were never opposed to each other For months this race has been the topic of conversation in the sporting circles. Bets, in all the ramifications which can be conceived of, were laid on the result With a large number, indeed we may say with the great majority, Boston was the favorite, and he was backed freely against the field. His speed and bottom had been tried, and never in *a proper trial* had been found wanting—and then he was the "entry" of "the Napoleon of the Turf," who has never yet found his Waterloo, and to whom St. Helena will be for years to come *terra incognita*. The stake, too, was "something worthwhile." Seven thousand dollars are not to be pocketed every day—and if the "go along" was "latent" in a nag, such a purse would be apt to make it "patent."

At an early hour on Thursday the Course was crowded with an anxious multitude. Five thousand persons were supposed to be on the ground, two thirds of whom, we venture to say, were "interested" in the race to some amount, whether great or small.

At a little before one o'clock, the horses made their appearance, all in fine order and eager for the struggle. They seemed to understand that they were to be actors in a great and exciting scene. At *one* precisely they were started Omega led the way for the first three miles at a moderate pace, followed closely by Boston, just in whose rear The Queen was "travelling" much at her ease, and apparently watching for an opportunity to "go ahead." In the first quarter of the last mile Boston made a push at Omega, and locked arms with his fair opponent, whom he escorted to the *Cedars*, when The Queen, feeling herself slighted by his attentions to her rival, came up and challenged his notice for a hundred yards or so, when the ungallant Boston ran away *from*, not *with*, his companions of the softer sex, and won the heat with great ease, Omega and The Queen pulling up as soon as they had got within the distance.

Betting on or against Boston now ceased. It was certain that he must win the next heat, and few were disposed to take the heavy odds which his backers freely offered. The only question now was, which will be best in the race, The Queen or Omega, and bets to a large amount were made on their running in the heat.

The horses *cooled off* well, and came up to the post as fresh as when they first left their stables. They got an excellent start, and went off precisely in the same order as in the first heat. Omega leading the way, Boston running next, and The Queen third, all three close up. Their positions were maintained until they had passed the Judges' Stand, and commenced the fourth mile, when Boston collared Omega, and after a few yards passed her, and led the field up the hill, when The Queen made an ineffectual push at him, which she continued until the end of the race. The heat was run in the remarkable short time of 7m. 52s.—time which never has been equalled on the Newmarket Course.

FRIDAY Sept. 27—Citizen's Plate, value $400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Isham Puckett's b. h. *Balie Peyton*, by Andrew, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs	1	1
O. P. Hare's ch. h. *Chifney*, by Sir Charles, out of Miss Waxy, 5 yrs	2	2
C S. Morris' ch. m. by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, – yrs	dist.	

Time, 1st heat, 5:58—2d heat, not given.

In the third quarter of the last mile a sinew of Chifney's left fore leg gave way, and he of course had to give up the contest. This was a race of very little interest.

SOUTHAMPTON (Va.) FALL RACES.

Last week we published a hasty statement of the result of these races, sent us by a kind friend; we now add a full report :—

NORFOLK, Va., Sept. 21, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Having been requested by my friend "Sneezer" to give you a report of the races at the "Cross Keys" last week, I now send you the subjoined :—

TUESDAY, Sept. 17, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $150 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.

James Talley's b. c. *Mountjoy*, by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles	1	1
Mr. Cunningham's bl. c. *Black Boy*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Van Tromp.	2	2
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's *Joe Rouser*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Thaddeus	bolt.	

Time, 1:54—2:03.

Won easily by the Tranby colt,—Black Boy being "dead amiss,"—and a remarkably promising colt indeed. Joe Rouser cut a somerset on the second turn, threw his rider, and took to the old field; otherwise the result might have been, as was confidently anticipated, varied in his favor. The Tranby, however, is a "fleet 'un," and "bucks" up to his work like a Major. The time, for the state of the track, was pretty near first rate. The course is the heaviest one in Virginia, by long odds, being entirely of a sandy texture, and having no substratum of clay or stiff earth to keep the horses from sinking over their hoofs while running. It is improving, however, and promises to be a good deal better by the Spring, at which season the Club have agreed to hold their annual Meetings.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18—Proprietor's Purse $300, ent. $15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's Imp. ch. f. *The Queen*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 4 yrs	1	1
Jas. Talley's b. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 3:58—4:03. Won easily.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $20, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Jas. S. French's br. f. *Fleta*, by Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas, 4 yrs	1	1
James Talley's ch. f. *Betsey White*, by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	3	2
John S. Corbin's b. c. *Bandit*, by Imp. Luzborough dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	2	3

A beautiful, and very closely contested race throughout. Bandit was pronounced by all to be too high for a long struggle, and considering that circumstance, and the very heavy state of the course, made a game and gallant struggle throughout the heat, and was beat by a length only. Time, 8:00—by some, 7:59½.

The second heat was contended for very spiritedly and very much to the injury of their prospects, by Bandit and Betsey, for about three miles and three quarters, when Fleta took up, what the immense brush caused them then to drop, the running, and won, after a sharp rally with Betsey White. Bandit was ordered to be pulled up as soon as Fleta made play. This race would have done credit to any horse in the State, except, of course, "old Boston," for 8m. over it are fully equal to 7:50 over the Fairfield or Norfolk Courses. It is greatly to be regretted that the game and genuine little mare sustained an injury on her hind ankle from Bandit, while running the first heat, which will cause her training to be suspended for several weeks, perhaps. She is "one of 'em," as sure as you are born Mr. French was offered $3000 for her, and refused to take less than $3500. Betsey White exhibited great game in this race, and no small share of foot besides. She is a fine, large, strong mare, and will beat, always, when in order, a great many more than will beat her.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before, sub. $25 each, with $50 added. Mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's *Cashier*, by Goliah	1	1
James Talley's ch. m. by Timoleon	2	2

Time, 1st heat, 1:55—2d not given.

As I hear Major Boots, who was at our Meeting, intends to give you what he calls "some particklers" of the people, "cattle," and country down here, I'll just drop this report right where it is, and bid you ADIEU.

JEFFERSON (Va.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The second meeting of the Club took place at their fine Course, within two miles of Charlestown, on Tuesday, the 17th ult. There was a general attendance of the members, and a large concourse of spectators—strangers, and from the neighborhood. The largest contribution to the entertainment and amusement of the crowd, was anticipated from the number of competitors for the prizes, and for character; some, indeed, already well known to fame. The weather was pleasant, and the course in fine order. At the sound of the trumpet at twelve o'clock, the entries of the previous evening were presented before the Judges' Stand, viz :—

TUESDAY, Sept. 17, 1839—Purse $200, ent. 20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 2lbs. Two mile heats.

Thomas Doswell's br. h. *Chotauk*, by Pamunky, dam by Arab, 5 yrs	1	1
Henry Shepherd's b. f. *Polly Moss*, by St. Nicholas, dam by Tiptop, 4 yrs	2	2
James B Kendall's ch. c. *Windsor*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Meg Dodds, 4 yrs	3	3
Wm. Crow's br. c. *Astrologer*, by Star, dam by Walnut, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 3:56—3:53.

Astrologer was distanced the first heat by the mistake or carelessness of his rider, but ran the second by consent and came up well, being third. At the start in the second heat, Chotauk sulked, and his groom could not get him off directly at the word; thus he lost some little, which only added the more to his credit in gaining the heat, though pressed closely by Polly Moss and Astrologer.

In consequence of a heavy rain at the hour of starting, the race for the second day was postponed until the following day, by consent.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19—Purse $350, ent. $30, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Thomas Doswell's b. f. *Martha Bickerton*, by Pamunky, dam by Tariff, 4 yrs	1	1
J. B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs	2	2
Joseph Crane's br. m. *Camsidel*, by Industry, dam by Sir Hal	3	dr
Samuel Strider's b. h. *Zamour*, by John Richards, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs	3	dr
Henry Shepherd's b. h. *Columbus*, by Columbus, dam by Carlton, 4 yrs	dist.	
William Saffer's b. h. *Licks of Loudoun*, by Industry, dam by Archibald, 5 yrs	dist.	

Time, 6:13—6:16—6:15.

This was a day full of sport; the track was in tolerable order, having been dried by the sun, and wind of the morning and preceding evening, and the industry of the manager.

Columbus was distanced by laying back too long, but came within half a length of being saved. The first heat was warmly contested by Henry, Zamour, and Camsidel trailing pretty closely. At the start in the second heat, Master Henry led off, Camsidel close in the pursuit, Martha third, apparently suspecting that Camsidel intended to test the gallantry of Master Henry, of which she desired to be a close observer. After passing the stand, on the second round, about a quarter, Camsidel pressed upon Master Henry, and for three hundred yards the most exciting contest for the lead was carried on. For that space, Henry and Camsidel ran locked, at a tremendous gait, the voice of the spectators gave alternately to Master and Mistress the victory. Henry was determined to show that the *Master* should lead; the order and weight of the mare both made against her, and she was compelled to acknowledge that the proper place for the female was to follow, not to attempt to lead. Martha during this contest, leisurely observed this effort, and seeing the ungallant conduct of Henry, treasured up her wrath until the next heat, yielding the second to him.

It being apparent from the condition of Camsidel that she could not win, she was withdrawn. Henry and Martha started for the third heat, Henry being the favorite. For one round they coursed it leisurely, each indifferent to the lead. In the last round, Martha took her position, having the lead. Within half a mile of home, she was closely and hotly pressed by Henry; he giving from the whip and spur lost some ground, and attempting to pass Martha on the inner track failed, and was at length compelled to give up the contest, learning the lesson that Martha Bickerton was not Camsidel, and that the female will rule if she pleases.

Altogether it was a most interesting race, and drew from the numerous spectators frequent manifestations of their pleasure and delight.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—A Sweepstake for 2 yr. olds by Tyrant, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Sub. $100 each. One mile.

Joseph Crane's f.	1
John W. Duffield's c.	2
William Moore's f.	3

Time, 2:12.

The colt bolted immediately after the start, came in again, and was running ahead. Within the quarter stretch he bolted again, but lost too much ground to recover. All regretted the conduct of the colt.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Purse $200, ent. $20, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thomas Doswell's *Oriflamme*, by Monsieur Tonson, 5 yrs	1	1	3	1
Jacob Moles' *Dudley*, by Dudley, dam by St. Tammany, 6 yrs	4	3	1	2
Henry Shepherd's b. g. *Old Rattler*, by Rattler, aged	2	2	2	3
Wm. Moore's *Yahoo*, by Star, dam by St. Tammany, 4 yrs	3	4	dr	

Time, 1:55—1:55½—1:56—1:57.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20—Purse $50, entrance $20, added, for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Two mile heats.

John Moore's *Levi*, by Star, dam by Walnut	1	1
Wm. Moore's *Greybeard*, by Star, dam by Tariff	2	2
Jacob Miler's *Talleyrand*, by Star, dam by Industry	3	3
Edward Lucas' *Flirt*, by Russell's Rattler, dam by Thornton's Rattler	bolt.	

Time, 2:03½—2:02.

Flirt bolted near the start, and also when about two-thirds round; the second time threw his rider. During the second round there was a hard press for two hundred yards between Levi and Greybeard, the latter pressing hard for the mastery.

During the whole meeting the best feeling prevailed among the contestants, the best order was preserved throughout, all being disposed to have fair amusement and honest entertainment. Though the purses were monopolized by one gentleman, he used his victories liberally and generously, not vainly. The vanquished bore their defeat with a proper spirit, trusting to better luck next time, and inviting their more fortunate competitor to try it again.

BY THE SECRETARY OF THE CLUB.

PITTSYLVANIA C. H. (Va.) FALL RACES.

The races over the *Oakland Course*, Pittsylvania Court House, Va., commenced on Wednesday, 25th September, and continued four days.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. John L. White's ch. c. *Harkaway*, by Emilius, out of Trapes	3	1	1
David McDaniel's gr. f. *Ginger Blue*, by Sir Pit, dam unknown	2	2	2
Capt. James Williamson's b. f. *Blue Wing*, by Imp. Whale, out of Wasp by Don Quixotte	1	dist.	

Time, 1:56—1:55—1:59.

At the tap of the drum, when in the act of starting for the 2d heat, Capt. Williamson's filly turned round, and lost some 70 or 80 yards before getting off, which was thought to be the cause of her being distanced.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Purse $150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 2lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Capt. Jas. Williamson's b. h. *Bloomsbury*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Giles Scroggins, 4 yrs	1	1
David McDaniel's b. h. *Suffolk*, by Andrew, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 5 yrs	2	2

Time, 4:01½—4:06.

FRIDAY, Sept. 27—Purse $150, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's ch. m. *Betsey Red*, by Red Rover, out of Betsey West by Imp. Buzzard, 5 yrs	1	1
Col. John L. White's br. f. by Jackson, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	2	dist.
David McDaniel's gr. c. *Grey Momus*, by Hard Luck, dam by Mons. Tonson, 3 yrs	3	dist.

Time, 4.01½—4:00.

SATURDAY, Sept. 28—Jockey Club Purse $400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Giles Scroggins, out of Betsey Baker, 5 yrs	3	1	1
Capt. Melville Talbot's ch. c. *Fortunatus*, by Carolinian, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yr	2	3	2
Col. John L. White's ch. c. by Jackson, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs	1	2	dr
Wm. McCargo's br. f. by Imp. Hedgeford, 4 yrs	dist.		

Time, 6:12½—6:09—6:23.

BY THE SECRETARY.

Another Model for Letter Writers.

FORT GIBSON (Ark.), Aug. 25, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will find twenty dollars—ten for the Spirit, five for the present volume of the "Register," and five in advance for the "Register" for the next year.

Go on as you have commenced, and you must rally around your two sporting works all the true and choice spirits of the only true school of philosophy—to enjoy life, in the field, on the turf, and around the social board, whenever the opportunity offers. Away, then, with dull care, and success to our sports and sporting works! Yours, E.

THE BLOOMSBURY CASE.

RIDSDALE *vs.* THE EARL OF LICHFIELD.

(BEFORE MR. JUSTICE MAULE AND A SPECIAL JURY.)

LIVERPOOL ASSIZE, Aug. 22, 1839.

This morning the Court was crowded at an early hour to hear this cause, which had been specially fixed for this morning, on the result of which large sums of money are depending, and which has excited the greatest interest in the sporting world.

Mr. Cresswell, with several other gentlemen of the bar, led the case for the plaintiff, and Mr. Sergeant Wilde for the defendant.

Mr. Martin opened the pleadings.

Mr. Cresswell then stated the plaintiff's case. If any person had told him twelve months ago, that he should have had to address, this day, a special jury at Liverpool, on the question, whether a horse was properly described in a racing calendar or not, he should certainly have expressed much surprise. But he felt assured that whether in a question affecting life or property, or of whatever kind, the interests of his client might be most safely confided to such a jury. He would endeavour, as briefly as possible, to detail to them the circumstances under which they were now called on to decide this question. In the spring of the year 1839, at the Ascot races, certain horses started for two different races. He understood the ordinary course of proceeding was running those horses at three years old, and they were there entered as yearlings, the person who entered the horses giving a description of them. In 1839, at the Ascot races, several horses ran, and Bloomsbury won. There was no doubt that it was stated, both before and after the race, from certain rumours that had got abroad, that Bloomsbury was not properly described, being entered as a colt by Mulatto, out of Scroggin's dam. There was no question that the race was not a fair one. The horses carried their proper weights, and the jockeys rode fairly.—The stakes had been paid into the hands and were in possession of a Mr. Weatherby, and Lord Lichfield, as the owner of the second-best horse, claimed the stakes, as well as Mr. Ridsdale, the owner of Bloomsbury, and gave him notice not to pay over the stakes to Mr. Ridsdale. At one time it had been determined by the parties to refer the matter to the stewards, but on the 7th of June last, Lord Lichfield withdrew from that arrangement, and addressed them a letter, stating as his reason that, on making enquiries into the description of Bloomsbury for starting for the Ascot Derby stakes and sweepstakes of 200 sovereigns, he had found the greatest difficulty in getting information from parties, and that many persons possessed information on the subject which they would not give, unless they were compelled to do so by a Court of Law—that the question for decision not being a point of racing law, but a mere question of fact, and having no power to compel the attendance of witnesses before their tribunal, he chose to leave the point to be settled where only it could be satisfactorily settled, in a Court of Law. He therefore retracted any consent he had given to their deciding the question, and expressed his intention to produce no witnesses before them, and protested against their making any decision on the subject. Now, in this respect, Lord Lichfield, if he had taken legal advice, had been not correctly advised; for if two parties agreed to leave their cause to the decision of arbitrators, an order from a Court of Law would be procured, which would compel the attendance of witnesses upon oath, and Lord Lichfield would have found no difficulty in bringing forward evidence. The result was that Lord Lichfield and Mr. Ridsdale both commenced actions against Mr. Weatherby, the holder of the stakes, who, not wishing to meet two actions, one of which he must certainly pay the costs of, applied to the Court, who, on his paying the amount of the stakes, 1,408*l*., into Court, ordered both actions to be discontinued, and the present issue to be tried—"Whether a certain colt called Bloomsbury was properly described in the entry for the said two stakes;" and whether, for the purposes of that issue, the nominator of the said colt was to be taken to be the owner or nominator for the said races, so that no question of ownership might arise. The books and accounts of Mr. Robert Ridsdale, of whose connection with some of these transactions the jury would presently hear, were also to be made evidence as against the plaintiff, Mr. William Ridsdale, and upon the decision of the jury the Learned Judge had the power of immediately ordering the stakes to be paid out of Court to the successful party. The question was, whether the horse Bloomsbury was properly described as a colt by Mulatto, out of Scroggins's dam. The horse Scroggins was the second horse for the St. Leger in 1836, and was foaled by Arcot Lass, a brood mare, who was bred there by the late Mr. Storey, about seven miles from Newcastle, in Northumberland. Her performances were not, he believed, very great, for she broke down in her first race; nevertheless, she proved a valuable mare for breeding, and became, some time ago, the property of a Mr. Cattle, near York, who bred from her, and one of her colts, called St. Giles, won the Derby stake, at Epsom in 1832, so that there could be no doubt that she was a good mares Cattle, not keeping stallions, was in the habit of sending his mares to the establishment of Mr. Robert Ridsdale, on an agreement that he was not to pay any thing for the mares, but that Mr. Robert Ridsdale was to be entitled to the produce at a certain price. Mr. Ridsdale was formerly a training groom, and, being a good judge of horses, at last became a proprietor of horses himself, and had a large establishment at Merton, near York. In 1834 this mare was sent, as usual, to Mr. Ridsdale's to be covered. Mr. Ridsdale was at that time the owner of a horse named Tramp, a very celebrated horse in his day, and he understood the assertion on the other side was that Tramp negotiated with Arcot Lass instead of Mulatto, but he was assured the evidence he should call before them would be sufficient to satisfy the jury that there was no ground for this aspersion on the fair fame of Arcot Lass. The fact was, that Tramp's powers had failed him in 1834, when Arcot Lass and several other mares were put to him, and the grooms, seeing that there was no probability of the mare becoming in foal by Tramp, or, technically speaking, that he had not served her, she was taken away from Ridsdale's and sent to Mr. Armitage's, near Northallerton, to be covered by Velocipede, where also she proved barren. Mr. Ridsdale, in the meantime, finding that eleven of his own mares, who had been put to Tramp, had also proved barren, and that it was obvious Tramp's powers had gone, determined that he should cover no more mares for him or any one else, and resolved to kill the horse; but a gentleman in the neighbourhood having expressed a wish to keep the old horse, Mr. Ridsdale, rather than destroy him, gave him away. In the spring of 1835 Mr. Cattle was on the point of sending his mare to be covered by Liverpool, but meeting with Taylor, who was Ridsdale's stud groom, Taylor said, "Don't do that," for Mr. Ridsdale has got Mulatto for Lord Fitzwilliam, and Mulatto is a capital stallion, and let him cover her.—Cattle, on this recommendation, sent the mare to be covered by Mulatto, and sent her early in the season, in order that the foal should be dropped in the beginning of the year, so as to run three years after, as a three-years-old colt.—There was a curious fact connected with this point. The mare Carotty dropped a foal in December 1834, and Mr. Cattle said, "I shall take care not to send my mare Arcot Lass, until it is quite certain that she cannot drop her foal till 1835." On Tuesday, the 24th of February, Taylor and his son left Merton for Newmarket with the stud that were to run. They would have left the day before but for the weather. Prior to starting, Taylor desired his son to put down in a book the names of Mr. Ridsdale's mares who were to be covered by Mulatto. The names were written in a book, and spaces left for entries when covered and when the foals were dropped. Two of the mares thus entered had foaled before he went away, and the jury would find the entries were most carefully and particularly made. The book was left in the hands of Colthurst, an assistant groom, to continue the entries during Taylor's absence. On the 24th of February Taylor went away. On the 28th Arcot Lass was covered by Mulatto, having been sent over by Mr. Cattle for the purpose to Merton. Colthurst was in charge of the establishment, as stated, and Gott, or Godd, was the groom under him. Both these men attended on the occasion. She was covered by Mulatto again on the second of March, and both these transactions were entered in the book by Colthurst and Godd at the time.

On looking to the book for the next year, he found that she dropped her foal on the 3d of February, as she would in the course of nature, if covered at the time above stated. These two persons the jury would hear were present the whole time, and actually saw Mulatto cover the mare on these two days. All the persons about the premises would tell them that Tramp did not cover the mare, nor any mare of Mr. Ridsdale's that season. One would think it extremely difficult to raise any doubt whatever on a case thus proved. He did not know these people, nor could he anticipate the manner in which they would give their evidence; but if their testimony should, as he believed it would be, prove clear and uncontradicted as to fact, he did not see how the jury would entertain any doubts that Mulatto did cover the mare, and that Tramp did not. But he was prepared to give more evidence than this, not so completely to the point, but of a powerfully corroborative character. The jury would remember the nature of the arrangement with Mr. Ridsdale was, that the mare should come there for the season, and that she should not be paid for, but Mr. Ridsdale was to take the produce at a certain price. The object of this branch of the evidence was to fix the time at which the mare came to Mr. Ridsdale's, of which entries were not made in the same manner as the entries of covering and foaling. The jury must trust to the recollection of grooms, and of course it was difficult for them to fix the precise date from memory at so distant a period, and that with respect to this period, they might be naturally expected to vary somewhat in their accounts. This class of evidence was not of equal importance with the other, because the date of the arrival of the mare at Merton was not the point in question; but still there were several collateral circumstances which went to prove, in the strongest possible manner, that Tramp was gone from Ridsdale's before Arcot Lass came. It would be shown that Tramp, if he did not leave that place in January, must have left it very early at least in February. He should produce to them a gentleman residing in York, a druggist, who was on very intimate terms with Mr. Robert Ridsdale, who would prove that Mr. Ridsdale, before he went to Newmarket, called on him and applied for a loan of money, which that gentleman lent him. Ridsdale asked him, as was natural, to come over and look at his stock before he went to Newmarket, and, as all Yorkshiremen were fond of horses, he complied with the invitation. On going over, he inquired for his old acquaintance Tramp—for every one knew Tramp, and was interested about him, though he had been rather a vicious gentleman, and nearly ate up a groom on one occasion—but Tramp had then gone. This gentleman lent the money to Ridsdale, and took an acknowledgement for it, which acknowledgement was dated the 9th of February. Thus the jury would find that there was the strongest confirmatory evidence of Tramp having gone away before that time. That was not all. There was a person at Middlethorne, about two miles from York, a respectable farmer, at whose place, during the spring, several stallions were usually kept to serve mares. This man, about the middle of February, was in York, in company with Jeff, groom to Voltaire, a stallion then standing at his premises. He met Taylor there, who paid him for some oats, and invited him also to come to Ridsdale's to see the stock before they started for Newmarket. He accordingly went, and on going to the place where Tramp usually was (for he had a large place to himself, with a paddock to run in and out) he found Tramp was gone, and three fillies were running about there in his stead. That was, therefore, a strong confirmation of the supposition that Tramp had gone before Arcot Lass came. He had also here a person who was groom to a horse called Starch. The man's name was Swan, a servant to Mr. Kirby, of York, where Starch was standing. Mr. Ridsdale desired that one of his mares should be covered by Starch; and this man accordingly went over to Merton three times in February, and Starch there covered a mare of Mr. Ridsdale's. He went over on the 23d, 25th, and 27th of February, according to his own memorandums; and he would state to the jury, that at that time Tramp was gone, and three fillies were running about in his yard. In Colthurst's book at Mr. Ridsdale's there was also an entry that on the 23d, 25th, and 27th of February this mare, Young Petuarri, was covered by Starch. On the 2d of March and the 3d of April she was again covered by Starch, and on the 17th by Mulatto. This showed the accuracy with which these grooms entered all the details, and confirmed Swan's statement that Tramp was not there at the time when Arcot Lass arrived. This was the corroborative evidence which would be given to the jury, in addition to the direct evidence that the mare was covered by Mulatto. On the 3d March the mare dropped her foal. Godd, one of these grooms, was lodging at the time with a person of the name of Thompson, and he had taken a fancy of keeping a book of all the foals dropped in 1836 at Mr. Ridsdale's, but, being a bad writer, got Thompson to write the list for him. He wrote down a list of the mares first, and then filled it up afterwards, as the mares foaled. In this book, under the head of "Arcot Lass," they would find an entry dated March 3. "A colt foaled by Arcot Lass, and put to Mulatto." The colt, being dropped on Ridsdale's premises, remained there after he went away. In the spring of 1836, Mr. Ridsdale met with a great reverse of fortune—some of his horses that were running at Epsom caught cold, and he was made a bankrupt. His assignees, however, did not think fit to take to this colt, which, under the arrangement with Cattle, they were entitled to do if they pleased, on paying the price. Cattle sold Arcot Lass to Lord Chesterfield. The sale was negotiated by Ridsdale, and Lord Chesterfield took Taylor into his service, and Wm. Ridsdale also as training groom. Arcot Lass and the colt were sent over to Lord Chesterfield's. In 1837 Lord Chesterfield made the entry, and described Bloomsbury as a colt by Mulatto, out of Scroggins's dam. There was no occasion to trouble the jury with the reasons why Lord Chesterfield did not run the horse. Perhaps he intended to run it, but Lord Chesterfield went to Italy, and gave up his training establishment at Newmarket, and Mr. W. Ridsdale took the colt on his own account. In 1839, as the jury had heard, the horse ran at Ascot, and won. Lord Lichfield disputed the stakes on the ground alleged, and had thought fit to bring this case for trial before them. He had stated the plaintiff's case with as few comments as possible, and if he proved the facts he had stated by decent, well-conducted witnesses, he should feel fully entitled to call on them to give the plaintiff their verdict.

The evidence on the part of the plaintiff was then called by Mr. Cresswell. It consisted of the statements of several breeders of horses, and grooms connected with them, in order to show that it was impossible that the stallion Tramp could have been the sire of Bloomsbury by Arcot Lass, and therefore that the description of his pedigree before the race was correct. It was also attempted to be shown that Tramp in 1835 had never seen Arcot Lass, and that Mulatto was the real sire. On the contrary, evidence was adduced to prove that Arcot Lass had seen Tramp, and that the description, according to the rules of Newmarket, which is acknowledged by all sporting men, ought to have stated the fact as to the connection between Tramp, the Arcot Lass, and Mulatto, if there was a doubt as to who was the sire of Bloomsbury, by Arcot Lass.

The evidence altogether was not of that nature which would be at all interesting to any of our readers, the facts being detailed in the speeches of the counsel.

For the defence it was also shown that the description in the stud-book, published by Messrs. Weatherby, of York, which was inserted through the agency of Mr. Ridsdale himself, had stated in the first instance that Bloomsbury's sire was neither Tramp or Mulatto, but afterwards altered, as an error, by Mr. Ridsdale before the race. It was also stated in evidence that Mr. Ridsdale had said that if Lord Chesterfield, with whom he had had some transactions affecting Bloomsbury, claimed the stakes, he would show an error in the description, and deprive him of them.

Mr. Arthur Stephens, the private secretary of Lord Lichfield, proved his Lordship's handwriting to a letter addressed to the Stewards of the Ascot races, protesting against their making any decision, as described by Mr. Cresswell in his opening.

(The whole case rested upon the question of error in description, whether Bloomsbury might not, from circumstances of the access of Tramp to his dam, be as probably, or more probably, the son of Tramp than the son of Mulatto.)

Mr. Sergeant Wilde then rose to address the jury. In the exercise of the excellent and sound discretion that belonged to him, his learned friend had not thought it right to open to the learned judge and the jury what were in truth the material circumstances attending the question upon which their verdict was to hang. And at present neither the learned judge nor the jury were in the slightest degree informed of the case upon the part of the defendant, which the plaintiff was perfectly well aware had been the subject of discussion before, and which it was perfectly well understood they were come here to try. His learned friend had intimated some surprise that a question of this description should be tried here; and if the case had in truth turned upon any question which gentlemen accustomed to the turf were peculiarly conversant with—if it were not a matter of fact which required to be investigated by the ordinary means which the law had laid down to ascertain the truth, and which must in all very important concerns where such a question arose be appealed to, his learned friend might have entertained some surprise. He agreed also with his learned friend in his conclusion that whether he was surprised or not, that whether those who fancied they had rights which would be best administered by a judge and jury were correct in the opinion they entertained, was a matter of little consequence as regarded the result, because it was certain, as far as the intelligence and learning of an English judge and the intelligence and integrity of an English jury would go to afford justice, that justice would here be done. He did not pretend that the question of fact which would be agitated in this case could be affected, or the evidence have any different tendency, because the one side supposed he should have an advantage by an investigation elsewhere—an investigation less open, less solemn, and under circumstances of less responsibility, than in this tribunal. The court would readily suppose that the interests embarked in this cause were large, by its being presented to the consideration of a special jury of this county; and undoubtedly it would appear it was not probable that the tribunal to which his learned friend had referred was at all calculated for the decision of such a case. The question upon the record was, whether the horse Bloomsbury was correctly described in the entry made of it for the stake called the Ascot Derby Stakes. But his learned friend had not thought it right that the court should be apprised in the outset of what was the error in the description which the defendant contended had been committed, or upon what grounds he contended that the error which had been committed rendered the horse Bloomsbury disqualified from running this race. It would, however, be his duty to present to the learned judge and jury those particulars which he thought would have assisted materially in estimating the weight to be given to the evidence on the part of the plaintiff, if they had been apprised of them. The Ascot races were races run under the superintendence of gentlemen as stewards, who were also stewards of Newmarket races. By reason of being the stewards of Newmarket they were stewards of Ascot, together with the Master of the Buck Hounds of her Majesty. Ascot races were peculiarly under the patronage of the Crown, and the Master of the Buck Hounds was, *ex officio*, a steward of them. The regulations which prevailed at Newmarket governed the races at Ascot. No doubt the original object for which races had been established in this country, and for which they had been legalised by law, was to promote improvement in the breed of horses, and now they had become one of the most popular amusements of England, besides having materially contributed to the advantage of the country. The court and jury, however, must be aware that the breeding of race horses was a pursuit attended with no trifling expense: therefore it was entirely in the hands either of persons like Mr. Ridsdale, who devoted themselves to it as a business, or of noblemen and gentlemen of fortune who followed it for their entertainment. Now, it was of the greatest importance to the whole system of racing to preserve a correct account of the breed of the different horses; and as large sums were staked upon races of this description, the only mode by which persons who engaged in it could regulate their descriptions in entering horses, or become responsible in any way for them, was by the account given of the horses that were to run. Accordingly rules had been framed to secure the information which those best acquainted with and most interested in the subject, and the oftenest engaged in it, thought calculated to protect their property, and to secure the great objects for which racing was established. These rules had been framed with care by gentlemen of distinction and experience; and in the year 1823 a committee was formed of members of the Jockey Club, at Newmarket, of which the Duke of Richmond, now on the bench, was the chairman, to prevent frauds and mistakes. Now, the complaint against those who entered Bloomsbury was not of that general and vague nature which the court had been led to suppose from the course the cause had taken. It was not a question whether this horse Bloomsbury was or was not the offspring of Tramp or Mulatto: that was not the question, although it was the only point to which their attention had been directed. So much uncertainty having been found to result with regard to the offspring of mares covered by two horses, that a rule was laid down by the above committee that no horse should be entitled to run unless the fact was specially named. Bloomsbury had been entered as the offspring of Mulatto. The objection was, that the mare had been covered by Tramp, a fact which the plaintiff had not stated. The Court had heard the evidence on the part of the plaintiff, showing that Tramp had never covered the mare Arcot Lass; but they would find that this was most decidedly an error. They had heard that the mare belonged to Cattle, who sold it to Lord Chesterfield, and that some arrangement was made with Ridsdale respecting the colts; but when his Lordship bought the colts he expected he had bought that colt too. Whilst in this position, Lord Chesterfield, with other noblemen and gentlemen, was present at a dinner given by his late Majesty William the Fourth, and there these stakes were made up. This occurred in May, 1837, and the horses were to be named upon a certain day in July. When that day arrived, Lord Chesterfield, amongst other horses, named Bloomsbury, which he described, as they had heard, as a colt out of Arcot Lass by Mulatto. The matter remained in this state up to a certain period, when Mr. Ridsdale came and claimed to have the benefit of the entry of the horse for the race and his other engagements, in order that he might have the benefit if he won. He made good the stake, but the entry was made by Lord Chesterfield. The jury were aware that certain books were periodically published called "The Racing Calendar," and "The Stud Book," edited by Mr. Weatherby, clerk and secretary to the Jockey Club. In 1835 Mr. Weatherby applied to Mr. Ridsdale for information as to the state of his brood mares, for the purpose of publishing it for the use of the sporting world. Mr. Ridsdale referred Mr. Weatherby to a Mr. Houghton for the return, and Mr. Houghton having furnished it on Mr. Ridsdale's authority, and with his sanction, it was published in "The Stud Book." In that book Arcot Lass was expressly described as being to produce a foal the next year to Mulatto or Tramp. A short time afterwards Houghton amended his return as to one mare, and added that his former statement as to all the other mares was perfectly correct. Now, if Lord Chesterfield made a mistake in the entry, Mr. Ridsdale must have known of it; but he came forward on seeing the entry, in order to take advantage, knowing that in "The Stud Book" the horse had been correctly described. The Learned Sergeant then commented on the evidence of the witnesses at very great length, in order to show that the horse Tramp had covered Arcot Lass, and to prove that he was on Ridsdale's premises when the witnesses stated he had gone away.

His Grace the Duke of Richmond was then called by Mr. Sergeant Wilde. He had been a member of the Jockey Club with Lord Lowther and others, since 1823. The laws were made in that year, and consolidated and altered in 1828. Rule 17, related to the nominations, and was to insure a correct description, in order to prevent fraud. It was a very important rule. The Ascot races, he considered, were ran subject to the Newmarket rules, and the stewards generally decided by these rules. If a horse was disqualified by a wrong name or error in the description, the stakes by these laws were given to the second horse in the race, and all bets, by either owners or others, were void. In case, however, of the owner of a horse dying, and not having met his engagements with the horse, the bets would stand if that horse won, although the stakes would go to the second horse in the race. The Noble Duke then instanced a case that had occurred at Bath, and said that parties had a right to declare off their wagers if there were an error in description. Errors of description ought to be mentioned before ten o'clock on the morning of the race. This was the case of Mr. Greville. There was an error in the description of one of the Marquis of Tavistock's horses. He had two sister horses, one of which went to Russia, but, because he did not mention which sister he entered, it was disqualified.

Several other witnesses were called to show that Tramp might be the parent of Bloomsbury.

The notice of objection served before the race was then put in and read.

This notice was from Lord Lichfield, and informed Mr. Weatherby that his Lordship objected to the qualifications of Bloomsbury.

Mr. Cresswell addressed the jury for the plaintiff in a humorous and argumentative speech. He commenced by noticing the opening speech of his Learned Friend. He then contended that the whole case arose out of a mere mistake in "The Stud Book," and that his client was not to blame. The information was given to the publisher of that book by Mr. Orton. In "The Stud Book" Tramp was put into the wrong year. In one of the years the mare was covered by Tramp and Velocipede: in that year it is stated in the book that she was only covered by Velocipede; and in the other year, in which she was covered by Mulatto only, it is stated that she was with foal by Tramp or Mulatto, Tramp being transposed by mistake from the other year. He noticed the several books containing the entries of the different coverings, and these, he thought, fully proved that the foal was Mulatto's, and not Tramp's. With respect to the witness who signed the declaration in which there was a mistake, he was very deaf; and when it was read, he had, no doubt, not heard it distinctly, and did not notice the error, otherwise he would have corrected it. On the other side it was attempted to prove that Tramp had covered mares on the 3d of March. But no one but "stiff George" spoke to the horse being taken away from Ridsdale's. As to his covering mares on the 3d and 4th of March, that had nothing to do with the case. Admitting that he did so, the question was, where did he come from? Not, he ventured to say, from Ridsdale's. He next noticed the evidence of Gill, and with allusion to the minor witnesses, implored the jury not disbelieve them merely because they were in humble life, concluding by an anecdote illustrative of the honesty of an individual in lowly circumstances.

The Judge recapitulated the evidence to the jury, offering but few comments upon it.

The jury retired from the Court, taking with them the whole of the sporting documents produced on the trial. After an absence of 35 minutes they returned into Court with a VERDICT FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

The announcement of the verdict was received with great applause.

FRIDAY, Aug. 23.

(Before Mr. Baron Maule and a Special Jury.)

RIDSDAEE *v.* CRAVEN.

This cause, which involves the same question as that tried yesterday (Ridsdale *v.* Lichfield) was called on at the assembling of the Court this morning, and the jury were sworn.

Mr. Sergeant Wilde rose and stated that an arrangement had been entered into, which would save the trouble of a further inquiry, by consent. A verdict would, therefore, be entered for the plaintiff on first issue, and for defendant on second, it being considered that the same evidence was adduced, and the same points raised, as in the case Ridsdale *v.* Lichfield.

A verdict returned accordingly.

At St. Louis, Mo., they drink wine made from their own vineyards, and of a delicious quality.

What's the brand? Perrysburgh Whig.

Mostly brand-Y. Wheeling Times.

Why, that in French, is nothing but O. D. V. Picayune.

A Tennessee paper tells of a fellow in Kentucky who is so ugly that the folks won't let him go to camp meeting, for fear of breaking it up. Ib.

There is a chap in this city whose nose is so red that no musquito can stand the blaze of it. It's death upon gallinippers, too. Ib.

A Match for the Kentucky Giant.—There is a woman living in Alabama so tall, that a person has to be introduced to her twice before he can get acquainted. Ib.

It is so hot in Louisiana that the hens run mad. Boston Post.

That's a *fowl* slander. Ib.

The following brief dialogue occurred yesterday in Lafayette-square, between two ragged coated loafers, who were squatters, or tenants at will, on one of the seats:—

"I say, Bill, who are those *morus multicaulis* fellers? I thinks, from the name, as how they're Loco-focos."

"Oh, you don't know nothing," said the other member of the firm, whom the first speaker addressed; "aint they the chaps what the fellow spoke of at the meeting of the democrats? why, you spooney, the *morus multicaulis* men are *silk stocking gentry*, and aint no one else." Picayune.

The Picayune says there is a chap in New Orleans who has "run his face so often for drinks, that it is completely worn off."

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock, which comprises the purest and most fashionable strains of blood, will be sold at Nashville, Tenn., during the ensuing Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club, not otherwise disposed of.

No. 1. *Anvil*, br. h. 9 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy, the dam of Picton, Drone, Martha Washington, and others.

2. *Darwin*, ch. c. 4 yrs., by Henry Tonson, out of the dam of Lilac and Tishimingo, by Sir Archy.

3. *Phantom*, b. c. 4 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Imported Phantomia, (dam of Anna Maria.)

4. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson. See No. 14.

5. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet, g. g. d Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley (Barry's), g. g. g. g. d. by Celer, &c. &c.

6. B. c. 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Obsciusko, and she out of Col. Singleton's Imp. Psyche.

7. B. c. *Chevalier*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo; Minerva Chance is also the dam of Black Knight, who ran with Boston a four mile race at the Washington City Spring races; for her pedigree in full, see list of Hon. Daniel Jennifer's stock.

8. B. c. *Harry Hill*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

9. Ch. c. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Clifton, by Wickham's Richmond, and she out of Lady Teazle, by Imp. Peter Teazle; her dam Cora, by Dr. Wm. Thornton's Imp. Driver, out of the full sister to the celebrated race-horse Nantoaka, by Hall's Imp. Eclipse. Lady Clifton is the property of Col. Bowie, of Md.

BROOD MARES.

No. 10. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, and her br. f. foal by Imp. Luzborough, called *Great Western*—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

11. *Maria Shepherd*, (dam of Lilac,) and her b. c. foal *Hector*, by Imp. Priam—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

12. Imp. Anna Maria, out of Imp. Phantomia, and her ch. c. by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.

13. Ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark—Goodle's Twigg—Fearnaught—Jolly Roger—Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey; and her foal by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip

14. *Magnolia*, now stinted to Eclipse, and her foal by Imp. Leviathan. Magnolia is by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko or Saxe Weimar, and she out of Col. Singleton's famous mare Psyche—a racing pedigree on both sides.

15. *Bernice*, b. m. out of old Madame Tonson, by Sir Archy, Junr., and her foal by Anvil—stinted to Marshal Ney [see Edgar's Stud Book].

16. *Pantarella*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, out of Pocahontas by old Pacolet, referred to in No. 5.

17. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Priam, out of No. 13.

18. B. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

19. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia (No. 14.)

20. *Tennessee*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Felt, out of No. 15.

21. Br. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of same (No. 15).

22. Ch. h. 5 yrs., Livingston by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by old Pacolet (dam of Angora), belonging to Rev. H. M. Cryer, R. S. Wooding, and B. Peyton.

23. B. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Minerva Chance. See No. 7.

24. *Minerva Chance*, b. m. by Multum in Parvo, etc. see No. 7.

Applications, if by letter, to be addressed to me until 1st July, to New Orleans, and after that time to Gallatin, Tennessee. BALIE PEYTON.

May 27, 1839.

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, R. K. Polk, Jas. W. Camp
T. Watson, Samuel Ragland, E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis, George Elliott.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland, William H. Polk, by } E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson, Lucius J. Polk, } James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie, R. K. Polk, Hickman Lewis.
L. P. Cheatham,

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

J. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver, Duncan F. Kenner, George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier, W. J. Minor, A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor, Fergus Duplantier, T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver, G. N. Sanders, A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.

Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 3 subs

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct., and name at the post.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the proprietor, at Mobile (*post paid*).

Good stabling and litter furnished gratis. D. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Mobile, 4th April, 1839.—[tOct1]

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Haulin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of their colts as early as possible, to G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

1eJun

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l.*, 10*l.*, 15*l.*, 20*l.*, to 1000*l.*, (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector, must be addressed S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER,

And published Monthly in the City of New York, at Five Dollars per annum,

FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

Embellished with Superb Engravings on Steel.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the first day of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, and Seven Numbers of the 10th Volume have already been issued; the 8th No. will appear on the 1st of August, embellished with TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS, executed expressly for this work. Each number contains sixty-four pages of imperial octavo size, beautifully printed on new type on paper of the finest fabric; a superb ENGRAVING *on Steel Plate* accompanies each number, rendering it one of the handsomest and most elegantly embellished magazines in the United States.

The following articles and embellishments, among an infinite variety of interesting matter, have appeared since the transfer of the "Register" to New York:—

The First Number (double) for JANUARY and FEBRUARY, was embellished with three fine Steel Engravings: the celebrated horse "HARKAWAY," by DICK, after Turner, "TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND," by HINSHILWOOD, after Jackson, and "ENGLISH ECLIPSE," by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

Contents of No. I. and II.—Memoir of Harkaway, by the Editor; The Godolphin Arabian, by M. Sue; On Breeding for the Turf, by Phœnix; A Sacondaga Deer Hunt, by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.; Trout Fishing on Long Island, by the Editor; The English Racing Season for 1838; by Craven; Essay on Leicester and South Down Sheep, by L. Tucker, Esq.; The Louisiana Turf, by A.; Continental Sporting, by Nimrod; American Racing Calendar of 1839; Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, at all distances; The High Prices of Stallions; Blood will Come out; Horse Letter Writers; Remedy for Bots or Grubs, and Cholic; Register of Pedigrees; Essay on English Eclipse, by the Editor; together with highly interesting articles by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; M. M. Milburn, Esq., "A." "D. M. G." W. G. Allan, Esq., "Asmodeus," &c. &c.

The Second Number (double) for MARCH and APRIL was embellished with two superb Engravings on Steel: the celebrated horse "PLENIPOTENTIARY," by Dick, after Turner, and "D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU," by Dick, after Aubrey.

Contents of No. III. and IV.—Memoir of Plenipo, by the Editor; Native and Imported Stock, by Jersey; Oriental Field Sports; D'Orsay and his Traineau, by A New Contributor; Killing Trout out of Season; On Bridling and Bitting Horses; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; Turfiana, by the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine; Racing in Russia; Memoir of Imp Belshazzar; On Arab Horses; English Popular Racing Stallions; Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1838; Familiar Anatomy of the Horse; Memoir of Imp. Philip; A Maryland Fox Hunt; The late Match in Virginia; Salmon Fishing in Canada, by Piscator; On Shoeing Horses, by Charles Vail de Saint Bel; Sales of Blood Stock; Boat Song; New Theory of Stallions; together with articles of great practical utility by "Peter Simple," Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., "T. A." "Uncle Toby," Craven, &c. &c.

The Third Number (double) for MAY and JUNE, was embellished with two costly Engravings, "A FOREST JOUST," by Dick, after Landseer, and FLY-FISHING, by Dick, after Cooper.

Contents of No. V. and VI.—Stable Economy, by Prof. Stewart; On Training, by Expedition; Fly-Fishing, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands, by Frank Forester; How to Buy a Horse; Observations on the Spring Campaign; Comparison of the Speed of Horses; Deer Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq.; The Handley Cross Hounds; The Washington and Baltimore Races; Register of Pedigrees; Racing Calendar of 1839; The Blood Hound; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, with various sporting articles from the practised pens of "Piscator," Professor Stewart, "Kunegos," &c. &c.

The Seventh Number, for JULY, was embellished with a costly and elaborately executed Engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after Herring.

Contents of No. VII.—Memoir of Don John, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands (continued), by Frank Forester; Ten Minutes Run with a Wolf, by "Kunegos;" How to Buy a Horse, by An Amateur; Notes of the Month; Turfiana; American Sporting Gallery; The Canadian Hunter to his Horse, by J. H. Willis, Esq., On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana, by Dr J. S.; Sand Eating by Horses; Epistle to the Editor, by an Old Reader, &c., together with the usual variety of Sporting matter.

The Eighth Number, for AUGUST, was embellished with two handsome engravings; A Portrait of Mr. Stevens' JANETTE, on Steel, by Dick, after Troye, and RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND, also on Steel, by Dick, after Landseer.

Contents of No. VIII.—Janette and her Memoir, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third; Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; Authentic Account of the Godolphin Arabian, by Centaur; Comparison of the Speed of Horses, by Senex: Sporting Reminiscences of the late Dr. T., by Amicus; Luzborough and his get, by "J."; The Ass Race, by Thos. Hood; The American Turf and its Chronicling, by the Editor of the London Sporting Magazine, Tychicus and Autocrat, by "Justice;" Further Observations on the Spring Campaign, by "Observer;" The New Theory of Stallions, by Pendleton; Reminiscences of the Spring Campaign, by "N." of Arkansas; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, &c. &c.

The Ninth Number for SEPTEMBER, was embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings; A PORTRAIT OF BLOOMSBURY; by Dick, after A. Cooper; and A PORTRAIT OF DECEPTION; by Dick, after Hancock.

Contents of No. IX—A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third, by "Frank Forester", Memoir of Bloomsbury, by the Editor; Memoir of Deception, by the Same; How to Buy a Horse, No. III., by an Amateur; Cost of Fox-Hunting in England, by F. P. Delme Radcliffe; Permanent American Sweepstakes, by "A Subscriber to the Peyton Stakes"; Ascot Heath Races, by "A Down Easter"; Stanzas, by "A Sporting Bachelor"; External Conformation of Cattle, Sheep, etc., by Mr. Sparrow; "A." on Stallions; Matida *alias* the Cropped Mare, by Geo. H Burwell, Esq.; On Breeding from Young Stallions, by "A. B."; Notes of the Month; Sales of Blood Stock; New Race Courses; Turf Register, &c. English Racing Calendar, 1839; Descriptions of the Courses; Lengths of the Newmarket Courses; Table of Abbreviation; Resolution of the Jockey Club, &c. &c.

In the First Number was commenced an AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, with Omissions in the Racing Calendar for 1838, and "NOTES OF THE MONTH," by the Editor, forming a running commentary on the various subjects of Sporting News and conversation of the day, all which are continued in the subsequent numbers. Since the work has fallen into the hands of the present editor, a great number of gentlemen, known to the Sporting World, as Breeders and Turfmen, have volunteered the aid of their gifted pens as contributors, so as to have imparted an original character and new interest to the Magazine. Its contents are entirely different from those of the "Spirit of the Times," though published in the same office; the facilities enjoyed by the proprietors of the weekly paper for collecting early information, and for the successful prosecution of their enterprises, enable them to expend a far greater amount of money upon the Magazine than its subscription list would otherwise warrant, were it doubled; the connection alone sustains them, and they are happy to add, that since it took place, a large number of he subscribers to their weekly paper have also subscribed to the Magazine.

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will continue to be published at the old price—Five dollars per annum in advance,—notwithstanding its present style of publication is attended with an expense nearly double that heretofore laid out upon it. The publishers rely with entire confidence upon a commensurate support from the friends of The Turf and the Agricultural Interest generally, and beg to assure them that while in their hands their exertions to increase its value and usefulness shall never flag.

As no local agents are employed by the present publishers, it is requested that Communications and Subscriptions be addressed directly to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, July 22, 1839.

ST. LOUIS JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the *St. Louis Course*, will commence on Monday, 14th October next, and continue six days.

First day—A Match between Messrs. Lane & Shacklett's *Bonny Black*, and Messrs. Uzzell & Bissell's *Molly Long*, for $500, Two miles.

Same day—A mule race, to come off immediately after the match, Two mile heats; purse $50, ent. $20, to be added to the purse. No distance in this race.

Second day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. Now two subs.

Third day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Now three subs. The two preceding sweepstakes to name and close by the 1st August next.

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, Four mile heats.

The entrance required for the above purses, is ten per cent. on the amount of the respective purses.

Sixth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, for the *St. Louis Plate*, valued at $200. The entrance to depend on the number of entries made.

☞ The above races are free for any horse, mare, or gelding.

☞ All persons wishing to enter into the above sweepstakes, will direct to the proprietor, at this place, and at the same time remit a forfeit note, which letter must be mailed on or before the time the stakes close.

☞ Several improvements have been made on the course since the Spring Meeting; among which is one that will add greatly to the safety of running, by an entire enclosure for the inside circle. Stables will be furnished on application.

BENJAMIN AMES, *Secretary* and *Proprietor*.

N. B. There is a trainer of respectable character located on the track, who will undertake the training of horses for gentlemen, on moderate terms, and give the most unquestionable guarantee in regard to capability and probity of character.

☞ Heretofore, *two* courses have been in operation near this city, and the subscriber deems it imperative to state that, as far as the St. Louis Course has been concerned, the purses have been promptly paid. [jy 20] B. AMES.

SWEEPSTAKES.—OPELOUSAS, LA.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to come off over the Belle View Course, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will probably take place the last week in October.

1. For 3 year olds, subscription $500, h. ft., Mile heats—to close September 1st.
2. For 3 year olds, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats—to close Sept. 1st.
3. For 2 year olds, sub. $300, h. ft., Mile heats—to close Sept. 1st
4. Post Stake—for horses of unmixed Creole blood, all ages, feather weights—sub. $150, P.P., Mile heats—to close October 1st. Horses from Spanish mares to be considered as Creoles.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to any of the above stakes, can do so by sending their nominations by mail, addressed to

[aug10.] Capt. D. S. PARRISH, Sec'y. pro tem, Opelousas, La.

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European Plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16-tf]

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO.

Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21-3m]

IMPORTED TRUSTEE

WILL be at Norfolk, Virginia, during the ensuing Races, (which commence on the 17th Sept.) and will be sold or let out for the ensuing season. His colts are very superior, both as to form and power.

Richmond, Staten Island, Aug. 28, 1839. W. LIVINGSTON.

The following letter to Capt. R. F. STOCKTON, U. S. N., who imported him, from FRANCIS B. OGDEN, Esq., the American Consul at Liverpool, gives Trustee's pedigree and performances:—

LIVERPOOL, July 6th, 1835.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,—I don't know if Corbin has written you or not since the Newmarket Meeting; the chances, I think, are rather against it, as, like yourself, the spirit of procrastination hangs heavily on him; he promised to do so, however, and no doubt will soon, if he has not already. Leaving to him, therefore, the minutiæ of description, and directions as to the future, I will fulfil my part of the business by informing you that while at Newmarket, C. and myself entered into a speculation, and came to the resolution of making you the consignee of our purchase. Accordingly, I beg to advise you, that by the Caledonia, to sail on the 16th, I shall ship, consigned to you, a horse, with whom I believe you already have some acquaintance, namely, the Duke of Cleveland's Trustee. Corbin says he recollects your seeing him run at Newmarket Craven meeting, when he was beaten by Sir Mark Wood's Vespa. At any rate, he run once too often for his Grace, who in a towering passion, because he was beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, although he was dead lame from the effects of his race the year before, ordered him immediately to be sold. Through our friend Tattersall we came to know it, and took him off his Lordship's hands at something less than he paid for him to Ridsdale three years before. He is a splendid horse, and his blood equal to any in the kingdom. Had we not purchased him as we did, £300 at least would have been added to his price, from his own brother Mundig having just won the Derby, an account of which I enclose to you. As you may expect his arrival within a week after your receipt of this, I beg you will give directions as to his reception. If Robert Stevens is in New York, I am sure he will attend to his landing with great pleasure, and as to his future destination, I leave it entirely to Corbin.

Pedigree, &c.—Trustee, a ch. h., foaled in 1829, and bred by W. Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the dam of Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude, by Pipator—Beatrice, by Sir Peter, &c. &c. See Stud Book.

At Epsom Meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St. Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonging to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram (winner of the July and Prendergast stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, same year, Trustee, (at 8st. 4lbs.,) ridden by Chifney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D. M., a match, 300 sovs., h. ft. 2 to 1 on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten,) for the Oatland Stakes, D. I., 15 subscribers, beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee. At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., carrying 8st. 7lb., D. I., 8 subscribers, beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave a second time; even betting on Trustee. At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st. 7lb. each, a match across the flat, 200 sovs., h. ft.; 7 to 4 on Trustee. At York August Meeting, same year, 1833, he was beaten by Voluna, for the great subscription 2 miles, 11 subs.; 5 to 2 on Trustee. At the same meeting was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st. 3lb.; two miles.

At the Doncaster September Meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st. 5lb., 2 miles, 3 subscribers, beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c. At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D. I., carrying 8st. 10lb., and beating b. c. Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, (winner of the Oaks,) Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 4 to 1 against Malibran, 9 to 2 against Trustee, and 8 to 1 against Vespa. In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Healey and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Grey, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Dora, by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Phrenzy, by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 14 successive races, and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom was Tarrare, winner of the St Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom Meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 yr. olds, carrying 8st. 7lb., mile and a half, 128 subs.; 14 started, beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Silenus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 against Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst. Ascot, 6 to 1 agst. Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

Trustee's leg will make him unfit ever to be trained again, but will never injure him as a stallion. May he live long, and his offspring do credit to their sire!

[Aug. 31-6t] Yours truly, FRAS. B. OGDEN.

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839 Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to

[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala.

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P. A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barr

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Oct. 5—Will be presented, a favorite Opera, with other entertainments.

MONDAY, Oct. 7—Miss POOLE'S Benefit—THE MAID OF PALAISEAU—THE MIDDY ASHORE; Harry Halcyon, Miss Poole—and other entertainments.

TUESDAY, Oct. 7 Mr. MANVERS' Benefit—LA SONNAMBULA and other entertainments.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 8—Mrs. MARTYN'S Benefit; a favorite Opera, and other entertainments.

THURSDAY, Oct. 9—Last night of the Operatic Troupe—Mr. GIUBELEI'S Benefit.

FRIDAY, Oct. 10—First night of THE VILLAGE DOCTOR, and other entertainments.

DRAMATIC NOTICE.

THE Ladies and Gentlemen engaged to the subscriber for professional services in his several Theatres of Virginia, are respectfully requested to meet in the Green Room of the new Avon Theatre, Norfolk, on Saturday, the 5th of October, previous to the opening, on or about the 7th or 9th. The Gentlemen composing the Orchestra, are, also, thus publicly notified. All persons absent, without a justifiable cause, will be considered as having committed a breach of contract, and will be proceeded against accordingly.

GEORGE JONES, Lessee.

Richmond, Va., Sept. 25, 1839—[oct5-1t]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

PROFESSIONAL Ladies and Gentlemen are hereby notified that the *New City Theatre* at Jackson, Miss., will open for the season, on or about the 15th of Nov. next.

Letters, if post paid, and addressed to the undersigned, at Louisville, Ky., will be promptly attended to. JOHN S. POTTER.

TO RENT—for the ensuing Winter Season—

The *New City Theatre*, at Port Gibson, Miss.

Also,—The *New City Theatre*, at Grand Gulf, Miss. Apply as above.

Brandon Springs, Aug. 24, 1839—[sept 21-10t*]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

CINCINNATI, VICKSBURG, AND NATCHEZ THEATRES, under the direction of Messrs. Scott and Thorne.

The members of the profession are respectfully informed that the above theatres will be open during the ensuing winter.

Application for engagements (post paid) will meet with immediate attention, by directing to the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

N. B. None but artists of acknowledged talent need apply. [sept 7]

DRAMATIC NOTICE.

THE following Theatres will be opened by the subscriber during the ensuing Season, commencing in September, and terminating in May, 1840:—Milledgeville, Macon, and Columbus, Ga., and Montgomery and Wetumpka, Ala. Performers wishing situations in the above circuit, will please address the undersigned (post paid) at Montgomery, Ala. Young performers of talent will meet with every encouragement, and every opportunity afforded them of advancing rapidly in the profession.

WM. R. HART,
Proprietor and Manager.

[ip 27]

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—"Fidelio," "Cinderella," and "Guy Mannering," have been played here the past week. We never have heard Cinderella so well sung as on Tuesday evening, for the benefit of GIUBELEI, although on that evening Mr. MANVERS was suffering severely from hoarseness, from which, we regret to add, he has not yet (Friday morning) recovered. The fault in our comment, last week, upon Mr. Giubelei's *Baron Pompolino*, is, that it was not half enough lauded. He is the best *Baron* who ever sang at the Park theatre, without any reservation; he plays it with marked excellence, and no one but PLACIDE can beat him in this particular. But how splendidly does he sing "Ye tormentors," if words thus anglicised may be allowed to designate this gem in the opera! It has become a fashion of late, the moment any one gives expression to his admiration of the excellence of a singer in Pompolino, to cry out, "Oh! he can—— play it like Placide"—as if this had, in any measureable degree, something to do with it. Endeavor to enforce your view, and you are met by an offer of appeal to an indiscriminate audience; by this test, Jim Crow would beat them both out of the field.

"Fidelio" pleases us better, and better every night we hear it; our wrath was not a little excited on Wednesday, when we tore ourselves away from the beautiful Miss Vandenhoff, went down Broadway at a racing pace, thinking all the while of that beautiful solo of Mrs. Martyn in the second act; and lo! when we reached the hall, FISHER was *not* "drawing it mild" in "Cinderella." But as Cinderella is "not bad to take" at any time, we pocketed the affront. Fisher, however, must be looked after; he will introduce a good share of St. Paul's epistle to the Galatians, in his next representation, unless his memory fail him. He is a capital actor, but is "cruel easy" in this one part of *Pédro*, although, we confess, he makes many laugh immoderately. But to "Fidelio," however, La Gazza Ladra may succeed; (of which anon); do let us have it once again, before this engagement is over.

Of the two ladies in this company, Mrs. MARTYN and Miss POOLE, we have nothing to say anew—they "grow in grace" and popularity every night, and a man hardly knows which he admires most (each in her line), until he hears one sing, when he is certain it is *she*. Mrs. M. looks superbly in the ball scene of Cinderella, and Miss P. does sing "Wapping Old Stairs," and every thing else inimitably. Each has a benefit next week, and there must be no mistake as to the houses, "come what come may."

Guy Mannering was played on Thursday, and we cannot let it off without saying how admirably Miss CUSHMAN and CHIPPENDALE acquitted themselves, the latter in his two songs of Mrs. Martyn. By the way, "old Chip" made a hit in a farce called the "Spitfire"—a farce much better played than written. One scene is so capitally done by Chippendale, as to provoke more laughter than we sometimes hear in a whole season.

We had almost forgotten Madame PROCHE GIUBILEI, who appears in the ball scene of Cinderella, in a *pas de deux*. The printers will only give us room to say that she dances with much airiness and grace—a great acquisition is she to the theatre.

Miss KNIGHT should be named as having done something very clever since our last.—We forget what.

If the second flute played as well as the first, he would not be so *flat* as he now is—drum him up Mr. *Leader*—the best leader we have had here.

Postscript.—The triumph of Giubelei last night as the *Podesta* in "La Gazza Ladra," was complete—it was truly magnificent. Poor Manvers could not sing a note, so ill was he. Mrs. Martyn, too, was suffering from indisposition, but nothing can make her sing badly, she drew down cheers incessantly; the music suits her, and it will be repeated often again. Miss Poole as *Felix* was more beautiful than ever, and sang with touching sweetness; she made a score of conquests by the first glance of her laughing eyes. But the crowning glory of the evening was the singing of Giubelei,—we have had nothing comparable with it in New York. With one or two changes, the opera would surpass in effect any thing ever heard on our stage.

Postscript No. 2.—Miss Poole sang better and better in each act—she is inimitable, perfect—three cheers for her benefit on Monday night, when she sings as *Felix* again, and plays *Harry Halcyon* in the "Middy Ashore."

The National.—In its new quarters this theatre has been doing a fair business, although we regret to say that the houses have not been crowded on any night. We were altogether surprised to see no more than seven hundred people assembled the first night, (the house will, we think, hold twelve); there was evidently the greatest sympathy felt in all classes for Mr. Wallack's misfortunes, and as he had up for that night two principal stars, thousands should have been turned away from the doors. Probably it was the fear of this that deterred people from attending.

It is truly amazing how Mr. Wallack has got everything in order about his new house. The stage appointments were altogether respectable—under the circumstances, admirable—the first night. The dress-makers must have been busy, indeed. The whole house shows the superintendence of an active, persevering man, determined to fight misfortune bravely; every night we find some addition made for the comfort of visitors, and the elegance of the house. Zeal like this should be encouraged in the most spirited manner, that the coming three months may not add to the disasters of a gentleman who has done much for the stage, very much for the amusement of the New Yorkers.

The great hit of the week here has been Miss VANDENHOFF's *Julia*. In the "Hunchback." We saw too little of it on Wednesday to do ourselves justice in writing of it, but it was an undoubted triumph. The house "rose to her," as we felt safely over her conception of the character is peculiar, and not unpleasing, but more than all, she is very beautiful. Her enunciation is, to our ear, stiff and formal—it is too like a recitation in the presence of a master who is watching for slight faults—but this is one of the best of faults, for it will disappear with practice in the profession, and indicates study and attention to its minute details. We shall see her again ere another week is over.

What say people now of our opinion of young Wallack? Has *Sir Thomas Clifford* been better played as a whole than by him, since Charles Kemble did it? Name the man.

Mr. VANDENHOFF appeared on Tuesday in *Hamlet*, and was received with prolonged and very hearty cheers. A literary friend has written for our columns a critique upon his *Hamlet*, to which we refer. It is possible that it may not express our own opinion of the performance, for so highly do we appreciate the taste and the research of our friend, that we have given his article an insertion *without reading one line of it.*

HILL—Yankee Hill, as his many friends call him—likewise appeared on Tuesday, and received a vociferous welcome, as we learn from many sources. The hour was too late for us to remain so far from home.

This night the entire receipts of the house are to be appropriated to the benefit of the sufferers by the fire in the stock company. No theatrical event calls more loudly for the support of the public. The individual losses may not singly be large, but they are the losses of those who can afford to lose nothing; and again, they are losses which could not conveniently have been covered by insurance, had the sufferer been ever so prudent. We hope to see a house crammed in every corner.

MR. VANDENHOFF'S HAMLET.

[Communicated.]

It is too much the mode, among our critics upon the stage, to judge the actor's performance of any given character by comparison with that of another.—In the few remarks we are about to make upon Mr. Vandenhoff's conception and performance of the arduous character of Hamlet, we shall desert this too much followed standard of criticism, and judge the personation in question by its own abstract and intrinsic merits.

We have designated this as an arduous character. It truly is so. It is the most philosophical, and, (to use the expression,) sentimental work of The Great Master. It is not a passionate play; its hero being so, only in the technical parlance of the tale-teller, and the reader of romance. He is, truly, what William Hazlitt has so beautifully described him, "a pure effusion of genius;" he is "the prince of philosophical spectators;" his ruling passion "*is to think, not to act.*" Such is Hamlet. Such is the Hamlet of Shakspeare, and, with a very few exceptions, such, we think, is the Hamlet of Vandenhoff.

We would like to go into a perfect analysis of this glorious conception of The Poet, and, *pari passu*, into an analysis of the performance of it by the Actor.—Our limited space forbids; and we shall bring our general remarks to a close by quoting from two of the most astute critics of the day, neither of whose criticisms, however, have ever yet been given to the public. "It is," says one, "the master-piece of the Drama—the master-piece of Shakspeare,—I had almost said the master-piece of The Human Mind."—"It is MAN, in the ideal perfection of his intellectual and moral nature,—struggling with calamity beyond his power to bear, inflicted by the crime of his fellow man,—struggling with agonizing energies against it: sinking under it, to extinction." The other critic alluded to says, of the too-common mode of acting Hamlet, that there is "a conventional stage-beau-ideal of this character, overflowing with bustle, starts, and rant, and entirely destitute of the meditative and philosophic repose which Shakspeare has made the leading feature of the character."

Now, in our view of the matter, the personation of Hamlet by Mr. Vandenhoff is as nearly conformable with these quoted criticisms, as it is possible for the actor to achieve. The gentleman, the scholar, the philosopher, the mourner for a dead father, the almost maniac from the combined force of disappointed ambition, disprized love, bereft friendships, sundered natural ties—are all admirably combined in this personation of the actor in question. He seeks to make no points that will carry him beyond "the modesty of nature." His mind, like his attire, is in undress, and he *thinks*, not *acts*, his part. It is almost all the soliloquy of the philosopher. It is as if the still and passionless statue of Plato should become vocal, and should breathe from its pedestal a lecture, in the midst of the Academe, upon the nature, workings, and destiny of the immortal Spirit of man. How out of place, then, are stage-rant, and striving for stage-effects, in the personation of this Master-character of the Master-mind!

We like, then, the performance of Mr. Vandenhoff's Hamlet, for a reason that, we can easily understand, may render it any thing but a popular performance. He acts it quietly, and without that obeisance to the mass of hearers, which at once degrades the author and the actor. In a word,—he acts Shakspeare's, and not the Stage's, Hamlet.

Having said thus much, we will go a little more into detail,—but desultorily; for we have not the space at command to admit of our being very diffuse.

Mr. Vandenhoff presents the character, not as if he were *playing* it, but *was* the character himself. He seems to be thinking audibly. Thus his soliloquies are perfect gems of recitation. The feeling of listless despair which he so strikingly depicted in the much criticised soliloquy,—

"Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,"

was truly elucidatory of the true character of Hamlet, as designed by Shakspeare.

A singular impression is entertained, to some considerable extent, I find, that the imputation of being accessory to the murder of her husband, rests upon the text of Shakspeare, against the Queen. There is no warrant for this in the play, as handed down to us, that we can perceive. In the first act, Hamlet does but accuse his mother in his solitary moments, of

"——Most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets;"—

and the ghost of her dead husband implies but this, namely;—the estrangement of her affection from him,—without alleging that she was accessory to his death. He says, distinctly,

"Thus was I, sleeping, *by a brother's hand*,
Of life, of crown, *and queen*, at once despatched;"

and Hamlet contrives no plot, it will be seen, "to catch the conscience" of the *queen*.

"I will have these players play something
Like the murder of my father, before
My uncle."

The very point of this play before the King and Queen, is to show how Gonzaga "poisons him in the garden for his estate;" and "how the murtherer gets the love of Gonzago's wife." The Queen, in the closet scene, when Hamlet, not knowing how far she was guilty, says to her,

"——Almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother,"

exclaims,

"As kill a king!"

And afterwards she says,

"What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?"

And, when he describes the act, in the terms it deserves, she further asks,

"Ah me! *what* act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?"

Hamlet then distinctly makes the allegation against her, of unseemly haste in marrying the murderer of her husband. It seems to us that this is the true guilt of the Queen. But this is a digression.

Mr. Vandenhoff dispenses with the miniatures of the two Kings, in the closet scene, and supposes their portraits to be hanging on the walls, as he directs the attention of the Queen to them, in that admirable passage,

"Look here,—upon this picture, and on this!"

He is clearly and indisputably right in this point, although there is much cavil against it, on the part of the modern critics. In the first place, *cæteris paribus*, this mode of doing the scene is very favorable to the display of the artist's powers. Instead of sitting, and holding two small miniatures in his hands, he stands, and points out to the listening Queen the distinctive peculiarities of the two brothers. He describes his father's graceful brow; his curls, like Hyperion's; his Mars-like eye, and "front of Jove himself." Then comes he to—

"*A station*, like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill!
A combination, and *a form*, indeed," &c., &c.

What is the meaning of this language, if it be not to point out to the Queen, as she gazes on the portrait, the attitude, position, and figure, of her murdered lord? The authorities are full on this subject,—although it seems to us that there can be no need, after reading the lines, to quote them, in proof. But here they are. Stevens says, "Station, in this instance, does not mean the spot where any one is placed, but *the act of standing*." Singer, (whose late edition of the Plays is so celebrated, and whose notes are the condensation of the opinions of all the best critics) says, "It is evident from this passage, that *whole length pictures* of the two Kings were formerly introduced." And this opinion is shown, conclusively, to be correct, by an old cut, a copy of which now lies before us, affixed to Rowe's Shakspeare, 1709, in which the Queen is sitting, and Hamlet is pointing to *two portraits hanging on the wall* of the gallery, or ante-room, in which this impressive scene takes place. Hamlet has been sitting, opposite to his mother, his face towards the pictures, and has just risen, as the ghost enters. So much for *contemporary* authority; the best, always, when it can be had. In addition to this, the beautiful and thoroughly finished edition, now in the course of publication, called "The Pictorial Shakspeare," and which has just reached "Hamlet," presents a striking illustration of the true meaning of the lines we are commenting upon, in a fine wood cut of "The Herald Mercury," in the very act of alighting "upon a heaven-kissing hill." The attitude ("the station" or *standing*) of this figure, shows clearly enough what must have been Shakspeare's design, when he wrote those lines. They could not have been predicated of a miniature, which is worn in the pocket or at the girdle, as must be obvious to every one who will read the passage attentively.

Mr. Vandenhoff read the whole of the part so almost unexceptionably, that it were trifling with the limits we have assigned us to dwell on particular passages. If one pleased us more than another, it was, perhaps, that in the interview with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, in which he describes Man—"What a piece of work is Man!" &c. And the soliloquy, after the play had been recited to him, beginning

"Oh what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" &c.,

was never better delivered. His interview with Ophelia, when she would restore his gifts, was tamely managed, and lacked spirit, force, and effect. The closet scene and grave-yard scene were unrivalled; and so would the play scene have been had the Hamlet bestowed himself somewhat more gracefully on the floor at Ophelia's feet, and drawn less liberally on our credulity in endeavoring to make the audience believe that the Prince, while watching his uncle's countenance during the play, could possibly have crept up to the very chair of the King without betraying his design, and putting his uncle upon his guard against this "false fire."

But as a whole, it was as near *the true thing* as we, in our fondest aspirations, had ever hoped to see upon the stage; and it went strongly to corroborate an opinion already formed on our part, as to the school to which Mr. Vandenhoff emphatically belongs. That school is the classic, the refined, the philosophical. Rigidly correct in every reading, scrupulously exact in his study to present the true meaning of his great Author, he seems to us utterly to despise the trumpery clap-trap which the stage has stereotyped, and to hold it as the mark of his highest ambition to leave behind him *some illustration* of the mighty meaning of the mighty master of English Poetry: and to accomplish this, too, without appealing to the million, but to the few. In this endeavor we have not the slightest fear that he will not fully succeed.

Mr Vandenhoff's "Hamlet," fine as it is, is not a *popular* performance; but that is not the test of excellence or the reverse. A distinguished critic (whose admiration for the great Kemble amounts almost to idolatry) says, "Hamlet seems hardly capable of being acted. Mr. Kemble unavoidably fails in this character, from want of ease and variety;" and of Kean's (the elder), he further says, "It is as much too splenetic and rash as Mr. Kemble's is too deliberate and formal." Certainly neither of these attributes belong to the Hamlet of last Tuesday and Thursday nights, and yet there was a very scanty auditory convened to listen to the second performance of it. It has been so often done, and so seldom well done, by the thousand and one people who have attempted it, that the public sense will now hardly admit of its being done at all. Perhaps this is best; for, with Hazlitt, we can truly aver that, as a general remark, "We do not like to see Hamlet acted,—there is no play that suffers so much in being transferred to the stage,—Hamlet himself seems hardly capable of being acted." None can do the part full justice, although, to our minds, the artist who is the subject of this too-protracted article, is more nearly competent to the task, as a whole, than any other whom we have seen attempt it. We have done.

J. F. O.

NEW THEATRE FOR MR. WALLACK.

It will be seen by the reported proceedings (which are annexed), of a meeting of the friends of Mr. WALLACK at the Astor House, on Thursday last, that there is a fair prospect of a new city theatre. The site selected, we do not hesitate to say, is the best in the city—nay, in the whole world, for a theatre.—It is the front of the block bounded on three sides by Broadway, Chamber, and Read-streets. The plan is, as we understand, that the theatre shall front on Chamber street, with the stage upon Read. They thus get a depth of 150 feet, which, though a little less than one might wish in building a theatre, is just the depth of the late National. The building will extend further down Read street than Chamber, the space thus gained to be devoted to dressing-rooms, and the like. Another part of the design is to occupy the basement story of the building with stores and other rent-paying offices, and in this manner the theatre will be relieved, partially, from the expense of occupying the best and most expensive location that can be found for it.

But this is all speculation, as the extreme pressure of the times may yet delay, if not defeat, the project. To the reported proceedings we refer for other particulars, remarking, only, that the estimate of the expense appears to us somewhat too low.

At an adjourned meeting of the friends of Mr. Wallack, and a new Metropolitan Theatre, held at the Astor House last evening, M. M. Noah in the Chair, a report from the Committee of ten, appointed at a previous meeting, was presented by Gen. Sandford, from which it appeared that the Committee had fixed upon the space between Chamber and Read-streets, on Broadway, as the most eligible site of the proposed theatre. The Committee reported that the sum of $350,000, including the purchase of the ground and buildings thereon, together with the cost of the proposed theatre, with necessary expenses, would be the amount to be raised; that arrangements had been made with the proprietors of the ground, whereby the sum of $200,000 was provided for; and that the further sum of $150,00 only remained to be taken up. They further reported that such were the advantages of the location, and such the means that the proposed establishment would possess of yielding a profit to the holders of stock, that they were fully warranted in promising a dividend of at least ten per cent. per annum upon the investment.

This report, after some explanatory remarks from General Sandford, was unanimously accepted; after which Mr. Wallack, who was present, rose and made a very feeling and eloquent address to the meeting, in which he adverted to the efforts he had made for the establishment of a theatre in New York, and promised that if this project of his friends should be carried forward to completion, and it should please them, as had been intimated, to confide the theatre to his direction, he would exert all his energies to carry out the plan, which his previous management of the National Theatre had indicated.

Mr. Wallack's remarks were received with the warmest applause. A subscription was immediately opened, and when the meeting adjourned, *more than one half* of the proposed sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars had been taken up by the company present, in shares of five hundred dollars each,—and a committee was raised to solicit subscriptions from the citizens of New York to make up the balance.

The meeting was eloquently addressrd by General Sandford, J. Prescott Hall, Esq., and F. L. Waddell, Esq., after which the meeting, on motion, adjourned.

M. M. NOAH, Chairman.

EPES SARGENT, JAMES F. OTIS, } Secretaries.

Pictures.—We have not had time to see AUDUBON'S original drawings of his birds yet; the engravings from them are magnificent—what must the originals be! They are to be seen at the Lyceum of Natural History, up Broadway.

Next week WEST'S great picture of CHRIST REJECTED is to be opened at the Stuyvesant Institute—likewise up town.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE
WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

☞ Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest Mails, to its different Subscribers throughout the Union the Canadas, and Texas, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission by Ship, to Foreign Ports. Subscribers in Great Britain, France, and the British West India Islands, can rely upon receiving their papers with as much regularity as if residents of this country.

☞ Extra copies of the LARGE ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL may be obtained at the Publication Office at *One Dollar* each; orders enclosing the money will be promptly attended to, and the Engravings, with or without the paper, will be sent to any section of the Union, so enveloped as to secure them from injury.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, $10 in advance. For Six Month's Subscription, $5 in advance
For Advertising One Square of 22 lines, first insertion $5—Each subsequent insertion $1.
No Advertisements will be inserted for a less sum than One dollar.

☞ Communications, if by Mail, should be addressed, post paid, to the Editor or left at the Publication Office on the Corner of Broadway and Barclay Street, in the American Hotel Basement.